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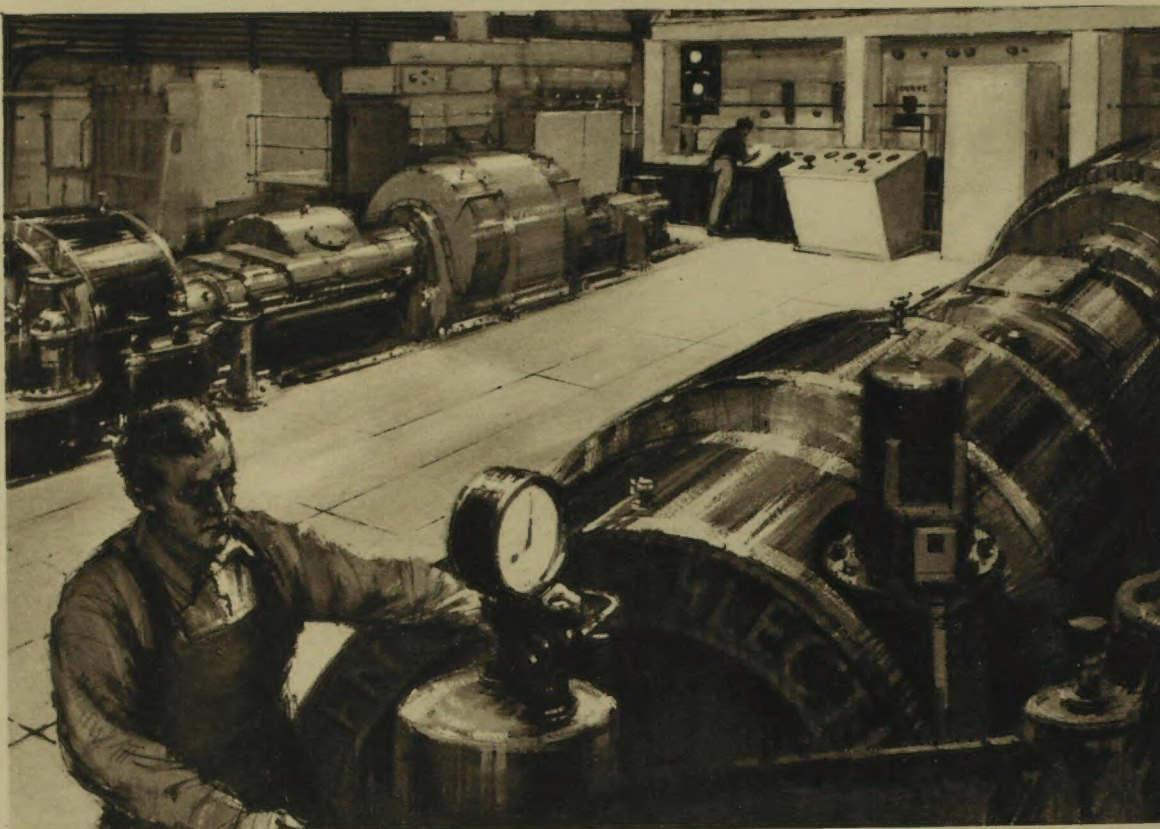


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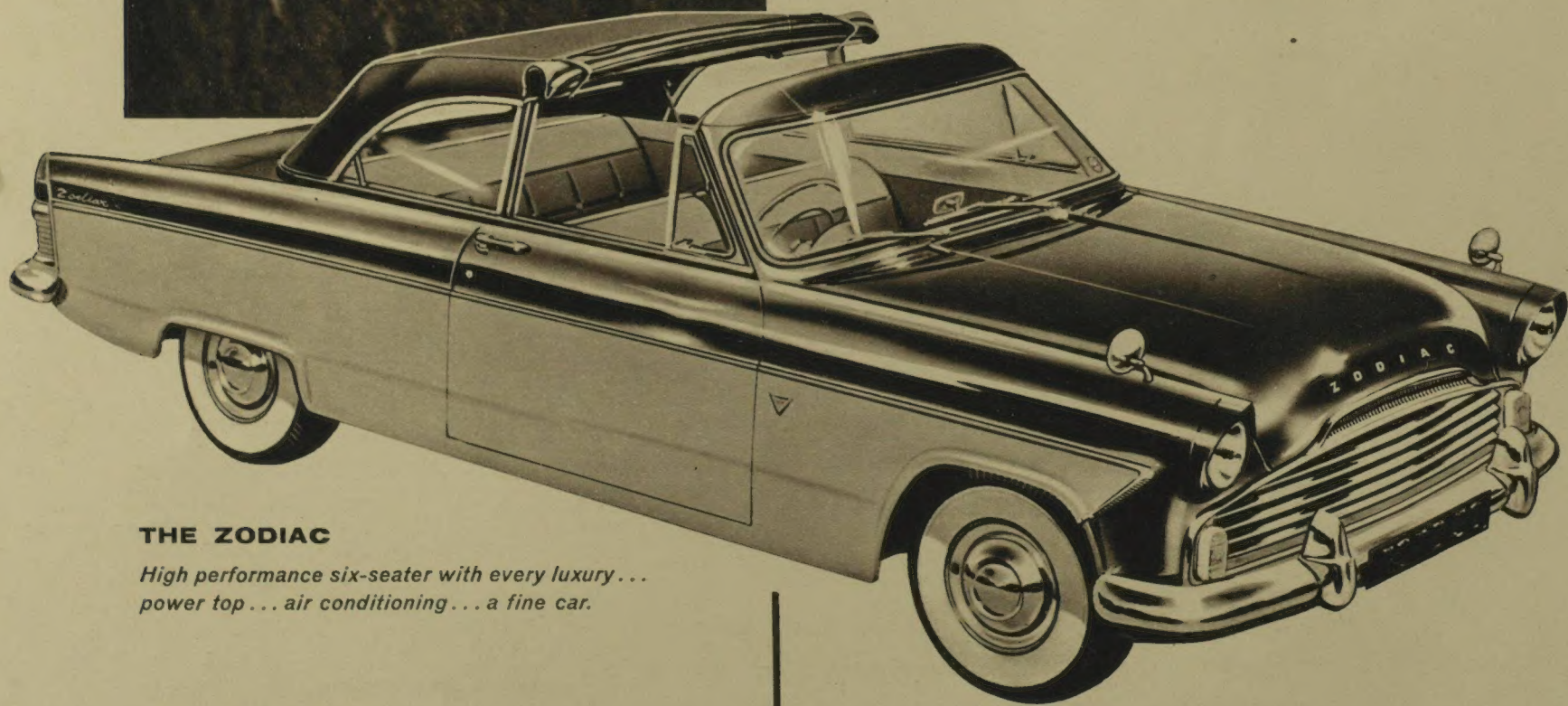


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SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1958.



WITH THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF AT THE CONTROLS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING A CAMOUFLAGED TANK OF THE 8TH HUSSARS, TO WHOM HE WAS PAYING A LAST VISIT BEFORE THEIR AMALGAMATION WITH THE 4TH HUSSARS.

On March 10 H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh landed by helicopter at Lüneburg to visit the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, of which he is the Colonel-in-Chief. This was to be the last visit he would make to the regiment, for by this time next year it will have been amalgamated with the 4th Hussars, transferred to another area and have become half of the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars; and

the Duke will be Colonel-in-Chief of the new regiment. During the morning he inspected a guard of honour, took the salute and addressed the regiment, saying that the spirit of its 250-year-old history should help it through the period of transformation. In the afternoon he watched *Centurion* tanks at exercise and himself drove one across country—as shown in our photograph.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A LEARNED reader from Dublin—that “fair city” where intellect and wit traditionally seek out arguments to chase and worry as terriers seek out rats—wrote to me recently to ask two questions. “A phrase in your article in the Illustrated a fortnight ago,” he wrote, “prompts me to intrude upon your attention. You spoke of the decline and fall of the Empire in the years after the war. If it is true, as it seems, that this is what has happened, must we not say that the declaration of war in 1939 was a mistake and that, having appeased for a day, it would have been better to have appeased a little longer—until Germany and Russia collided? Poland is unhappier now than if we had never tried to defend her.”

I will try to answer this question before coming to the other. It is one often asked and was even asked during the war, though those who asked it then, if they did so in public, were apt to get locked up! The answer turns not so much on what has happened as a result of our going to war and, with the powerful, if belated, aid of the United States and Russia, winning it, but on what would have happened if we had not gone to war. And that, of course, is anybody's guess, and it certainly does not follow that mine is the right one! But, such as it is, I will give it. It is that if we had allowed Hitler to treat Poland in the autumn of 1939 unchallenged, as we had allowed him to treat Austria and, after some hesitation and bargaining, Czechoslovakia, he would have marched against Russia in 1940 and, from a strictly military point of view, he would have been right to do so. For in 1940—indeed, even earlier—Germany's rearmament was complete; she was virtually as strong as she was capable of becoming within her existing frontiers, while the industrialisation of Soviet Russia, on which the latter's ability to wage modern mechanised war depended, though in process of taking place, was still far from an accomplished fact. What happened in the Russo-Finnish war of 1939-40 shows how little able the U.S.S.R. was at that time to bear the full shock of the *Wehrmacht's* attack.

When eighteen months later Germany struck at her, the Red Army, having absorbed eastern Poland, Bessarabia and the Baltic States, had not only several hundreds of miles' additional space to cushion the Nazi attack but had had the advantage of those precious months in which to hurry on the process of modernisation and mechanisation. Still more important, the *Luftwaffe*, which even more than the Panzers was the decisive factor in the defeat and collapse of Poland, the Netherlands, Belgium and France, had before Hitler struck at Russia

suffered a shattering defeat at the hands of the Royal Air Force. The aerial sword that Hitler and Goering had created for the conquest of Europe had been crossed with the aerial sword that Trenchard and Dowding had forged for the defence of Britain, and its cutting edge had been gravely blunted by the encounter. The Battle of Britain saved not only this country and the British Empire; it saved Russia—a fact little realised in the Soviet Union and even less acknowledged. Moreover, by the summer of 1941 Russia's vulnerable southern flank and her vital Baku oil wells were protected by the Royal Navy's heroic, if all but suicidal, defence of the Eastern Mediterranean and by the British Army's consequent control of the Middle East. By that time Britain had been at war for nearly two years and, though still far from fully armed, was a formidable opponent and ally, which she had

instead of under the Russian, and who can say it would have been a gentler one? So would Europe and not, I suspect, only eastern Europe. And if, as is probable, the atomic bomb and the inter-continental ballistic weapon had been evolved and Germany instead of Russia now possessed these weapons, would the future fate of mankind seem any less fearful? I am no fanatic believer in Mr. Khrushchev's friendly intentions, but if I were asked whether I should feel safer if the power of starting an atomic war were in Hitler's hands or his, I should have little hesitation as to my answer. Or, for that matter, if it were better in German hands or Russian hands? I may add that before 1939 I believed that the Germans, after their and our terrible experiences in the 1914-1918 war, did not want another war. I was wrong.

My correspondent's other question was, “Has Wilson's doctrine of self-determination, with its im-

plied assumption that everyone is as good as everyone else, been a corrupting influence? It seems to have caused a great deal of unhappiness. Would you consider the proposition that it might have been better for Europe if Germany had won the First World War?” Here again the answer turns not on whether self-determination—one of the consequences of the democratic West's victory in 1918—was a good or bad thing for mankind, but on what would have happened if Imperial Germany had been the conqueror. I am convinced, as every sane and civilised man must be, that the First World War, like the Second, was an unmitigated disaster for humanity. But I also think it might have turned out to be an even worse disaster.

The much-disputed point of who was guilty of causing it and what the victory of the West prevented can be met by asking two simple questions. Ought Britain, as a guarantor of Belgium's neutrality and an honourable Christian neighbour, to have condoned the brutal and unprovoked invasion of that country? And who was responsible for that brutal and unprovoked invasion? If the answer to the first of these questions is No, and to the second, Germany, can we believe that the defeat of Britain and the victory of a Germany with so little respect for the rights of other nations or for its own pledged word would have made Europe a happier or safer place than it became in the first decade-and-a-half after the Allied victory in 1918? It was not self-determination, with all its faults, that plunged the Continent and the world into a second holocaust of blood and destruction but the fact that the peace-loving victors cast their arms away and the conquest-hungry vanquished and former aggressors were allowed to take them up.

A ROYAL HOMECOMING AFTER A ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT.



ALL SMILES AT LONDON AIRPORT: THE QUEEN MOTHER, FOLLOWED BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET, WALKING FROM HER AIRCRAFT AFTER RETURNING FROM HER SIX-WEEK COMMONWEALTH TOUR ON MARCH 13.

The Queen Mother was three days late when her aircraft arrived at London Airport shortly after 11 a.m. on March 13 after setting out from Australia at the end of her most successful Commonwealth tour. She left Perth in the late afternoon of March 7 on board a Qantas *Super Constellation*. Over the Indian Ocean the aircraft developed a fault in one engine, and landed on three engines at Mauritius, where her Majesty was delayed for three days until the engine was repaired. Plans to fly out spare parts from Australia were foiled by the appalling weather conditions at the time. Thus the Queen Mother's visit to Kenya to open the new airport at Nairobi had to be cancelled. Early on March 12 the aircraft landed at Entebbe, Uganda, and there was another delay as the engine had developed a further fault. Her Majesty had to spend eighteen hours in Uganda before the aircraft could take off. Yet another fault in the *Super Constellation* forced the Queen Mother to transfer to a B.O.A.C. *Britannia* at Malta, and it was in this aircraft that she finally reached London Airport, where the Queen, Princess Margaret and Princess Anne had gathered to meet her. Despite her ordeals, the Queen Mother appeared extremely cheerful and was smiling happily as the Royal party left the aircraft.

been far from being when the declaration of war brought to a temporary end her people's lunatic flirtation with the Fata Morgana of pacifism and unilateral disarmament.

Yet even with these favouring conditions, none of which would have applied in 1940 if Britain and France had stood aside in September 1939 as Hitler had hoped and besought them to do, Russia only just succeeded in holding out in 1941. The overwhelming probability, therefore, seems that she would either have been crushed or become Germany's unwilling satellite—as, indeed, she had looked like being, out of her Government's fear of Hitler, even before he struck at her. In other words, I do not believe that the two totalitarian giants, Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, would have cancelled one another out by an exhausting and equal war while the democratic Western States husbanded their strength and preserved the balance of power. The victor would have been Germany. Poland would have been to-day under the German heel

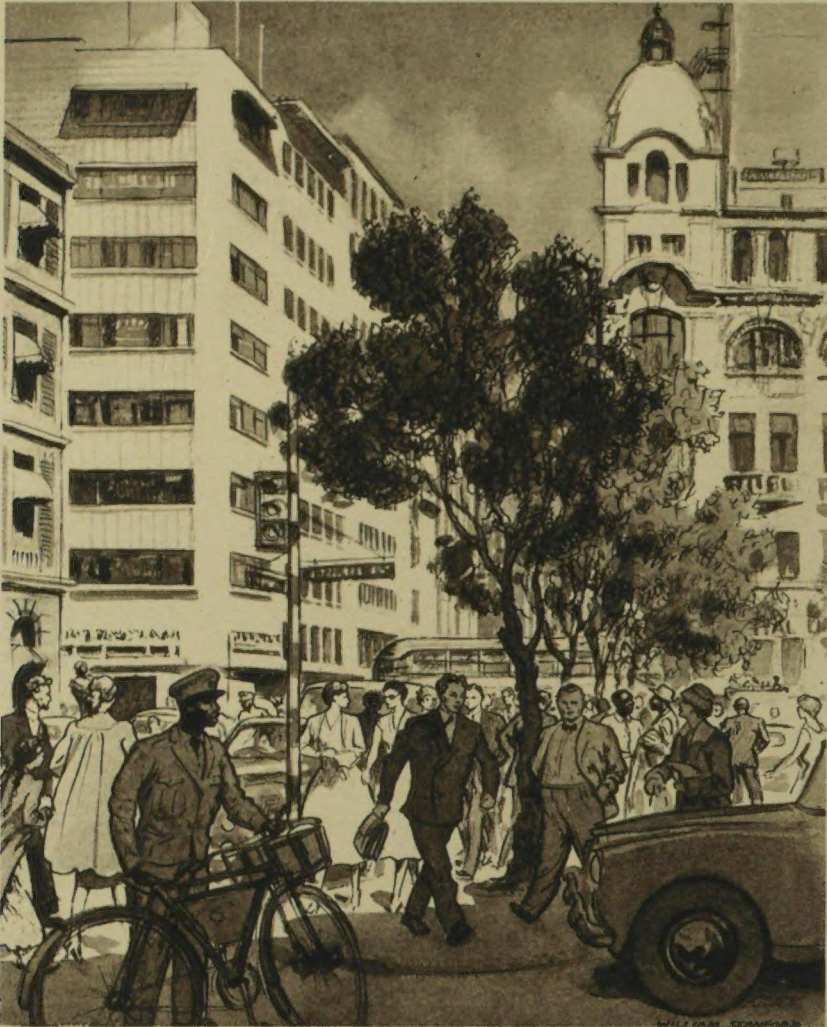


DURING THE NAVY'S SPRING CRUISE : H.M.S. BULWARK PASSING THE YACHT ANGELITA IN THE CARIBBEAN.

Some twelve ships—most of the Navy's dwindling Home Fleet—assembled at Portland on January 15 in preparation for the spring cruise to the West Indies, during which joint exercises with the Royal Canadian Fleet were to be carried out. One of the ships taking part is the aircraft-carrier *Bulwark*, who is seen above as she passed the yacht *Angelita* between Turks Islands and Jamaica in the Caribbean during the recent Exercise Maple Royal I. The flagship of Admiral Sir William Davis, Commander-in-Chief, Home

Fleet, is the depôt ship H.M.S. *Maidstone*. Other ships which were to take part in the cruise were H.M.S. *Bermuda* and *Ceylon*, both cruisers, and the destroyers *Daring*, *Delight*, *Dainty*, *Defender*, *Camperdown*, and *Barfleur*, the frigates *Ulster* and *Troubridge*, and two submarines, H.M.S. *Turpin* and *Tiptoe*. The Home Fleet ships were expected to return to Britain at the end of this month or the beginning of April. The joint exercises with the Royal Canadian Navy were to take place in the Western Atlantic.

JOHANNESBURG—WHERE BLACK AND WHITE ARE EQUAL NUMERICALLY.



THE LUNCH-HOUR IN ONE OF JOHANNESBURG'S MAIN SHOPPING STREETS: A PREDOMINANTLY WHITE CROWD WITH A FEW BANTU MESSENGERS AMONG THEM. THERE IS NO RACIAL SEPARATION, OR APARTHEID, IN THE STREETS.



AN ADDED COMPLICATING ELEMENT IN JOHANNESBURG: THE VARIOUS MINORITY RACIAL GROUPS—AN AFRICAN GIRL ACTS AS NURSEMAID TO A CHINESE CHILD, AN INDIAN ESCORTS HIS DAUGHTER, AND A "COLOURED" GIRL OF MIXED RACE WALKS ON THE EXTREME LEFT.



A TYPICAL SUMMER AFTERNOON SCENE IN A JOHANNESBURG "EUROPEAN" SUBURB—ALTHOUGH THE ONLY BANTU RESIDENTS ARE SERVANTS, THERE ARE OFTEN MORE AFRICANS IN EVIDENCE THAN WHITES. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A GREEK CAFE.

South Africa's peculiar race problems present themselves most acutely in Johannesburg, the largest city and in many ways the focal-point of Africa south of the Equator. To its own population of a million, which is almost equally divided between coloured and white, can be added those of the other towns of the Witwatersrand mining and industrial district and even of Pretoria—only 35 miles to the north—making a total of about 2,500,000 and a very dense population for such a small area by African standards.

They are people of the greatest possible diversity of race, language, culture and standard of living. Social and residential separation between European and non-European races has been the rule since the first white settlement in this part; consequently it is claimed that *apartheid* is, on the face of things, more an official recognition of an existing state of affairs than a new practice. These drawings show typical scenes in the non-Bantu areas of Johannesburg, where the white population is very mixed, many

[Continued opposite.]

AN ALL-WHITE DISTRICT AND AN ALL-COLOURED BUS: JOHANNESBURG SCENES.



WILLIAM STANFORD

ON A COLD WINTER DAY WITH ICY WINDS: A THOROUGHLY UN-AFRICAN STREET SCENE ON THE HEIGHTS TO THE NORTH-EAST OF JOHANNESBURG, WHERE BANTU ARE ONLY ALLOWED TO RESIDE IN LIMITED NUMBERS AS SERVANTS.

Continued.
European languages being commonly heard. There is no *apartheid* on the streets, though in the Post Office, of which a corner is seen on the left of a drawing on the facing page (top left), there are separate sections and separate entrances for whites and non-whites. The municipal buses—though with only slight differences in markings—are divided between those for white passengers and those for non-whites. In Johannesburg there is the added complication that the drivers and conductors on the latter buses are white. These racial problems are now particularly acute in South Africa, where the General Election is to be held on April 16. When the nomination lists closed on March 13 twenty-four candidates of the United Party, which opposes the *apartheid* policy as put forward by the National Party which forms the present Government, were returned unopposed.

(Right.) THE RUSH HOUR IN CENTRAL JOHANNESBURG: THE WHITE CONDUCTOR WARNS OFF A WHITE STRANGER FROM A MUNICIPAL BUS RESTRICTED TO NON-WHITES, WHILE WHITE PASSENGERS QUEUE ON THE RIGHT FOR THEIR BUS.



WILLIAM STANFORD

These five drawings were specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by William Stanford.

THE FINAL VOLUME OF SIR WINSTON'S GREAT HISTORY.

"A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. VOLUME IV. THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES." BY WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS is the last volume of the latest of Sir Winston Churchill's monumental series—latest, that is, in publication, though not in date of composition, for the enterprise was conceived and mainly executed before the last World War. It surveys the history of the English-speaking world from 1815 onwards.

When I reviewed in this place the first volume of the work, I expressed doubts about the plan, which frankly seemed to me more like a publisher's project than the conception of an artist like Sir Winston. It seemed to me that the use of a common language was not sufficient to give

of things in Ireland, rounded off with a piece of plain language addressed to the House of Lords by the Duke of Wellington, always sensible, always frank, and always humane: "I am one of those who have probably passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." Reform and Free Trade come next, which were little concern of "English-speaking people" beyond these coasts. Then there is a chapter about the Crimean War, a purely

European concern—Russia to the Americans at that time being merely an expansionist Power with a foothold in Alaska and dreams of acquiring the whole west coast of North America—and then another chapter about Palmerston, which includes some pages about the Indian Mutiny. Whatever the subject of which Sir Winston treats, he has sensible and illuminating things to say. For instance, with reference to the Indian Mutiny, there has been a tendency of late amongst propagandists in India and ignoramuses elsewhere to refer to it as a great national rising. Sir Winston reminds us of the fact: "The

Then after a survey of the slavery controversy, Sir Winston comes to the Civil War (or, as it was alternatively known, "the war between the States"). And Sir Winston starts off, in his most glowing style, on a period of military history, which he knows as well as any man alive, and of which he comprehends, as few historians do, all the points of view involved, and the civil as well as the military issues. He is fair to both sides, he suppresses no relevant fact, he understands how and why the South hung on so long, and why the North ultimately, though badly commanded, trod the South beneath its heel.

This chapter is so good, vivid and understanding that it makes me wish that Sir Winston, instead of undertaking this rambling job of covering the history of the world, almost in such a way that he is talking about Australian sheep-breeding on one page and half-breed rebellions in Canada on another, the spread of the C.P.R. in one chapter and the career and influence of Queen Victoria in another, had undertaken—as no other Englishman could have undertaken—a history of the United States since their parting with this country. Such a book would not have been cluttered-up with the Reform Bill, the Corn Laws and the Crimea, concerning which the British public can derive ample information from other men's pages. Little is known in this country, even amongst educated people, of the History of the United States; Sir Winston, of all men, is best fitted to disseminate such knowledge.

That anyone should now ask Sir Winston to undertake this task would be wanting to drive the willing old horse too hard. Anyhow, he is probably too busy painting landscapes with a brush whose sweeps are as broad as those of his pen. However, even as an author and historian, he has served us so well that we should be content with what we



"THE THREE HAMMER-BLOWS THAT FORGED GERMANY WERE DELIBERATELY PREPARED AND STRUCK": THE RISE OF GERMANY SHOWN ON A MAP.

coherence to the diverse stories of varied and widely-scattered communities. The notion was well enough in the earlier centuries, when the American colonies were governed from home and shared, to a considerable extent, the fortunes and interests of the Mother Country. But it seemed evident that after the States had left, rebelled, broken away, and embarked on a career of their own, both political and military, that the historian's eye would have to keep on switching from one hemisphere to the other and back, and from the Old World to the New and back, with the reader's attention being constantly diverted and concentrated upon new fields.

So it is here. Sir Winston, in his preface, is concisely compendious in a way that gives one the illusion of One World. For instance, "In this period moral issues arising from Christian ethics became prominent. The slave trade, from which Britain had so shamelessly profited in the past, was suppressed by the Royal Navy. By a terrible internal struggle, at the cost of nearly a million lives, slavery was extirpated from the United States; above all, the Union was preserved." This, of course, looks tidy and compact; but the Arab dhows which British cruisers caught off the East African coast had no connection with slavery in America; and most of their skippers may never have heard of the United States. And that apparently natural little phrase, "Above all, the Union was preserved," though rhythmically quite in keeping, was probably inserted because Sir Winston, remembering, as he closed his neat paragraph, that the war in America was at least as much concerned with States' Rights as with slavery, wished to avoid making a false impression. When he expands, however, this neatness vanishes. The opening chapters deal with local happenings on this side of the Atlantic. We are reminded of the social problems which arose in England in the wake of the Industrial Revolution. We are given an admirable summary of the troubled state

scale of the Indian Mutiny should not be exaggerated. Three-quarters of the troops remained loyal; barely a third of British territory was affected; there had been risings and revolts among the soldiery before; the brunt of the outbreak was suppressed in the space of a few weeks. It was in no sense a national movement, or, as some later Indian writers have suggested, a patriotic struggle for freedom or a war of independence. The idea and ideal of the inhabitants of the sub-continent forming a single people and state was not to emerge for many years."

A couple of chapters about the migrations of the peoples, and the development of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand—and we are transferred, with vivid lantern-slides keeping us company, to the United States. To begin with, there is a chapter called American Epic. In this we are given a panoramic view of the astonishing spread of the original States from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. What was really (though they don't like the word) the American Empire was built up partly by purchase and largely by conquest. Sir Winston gives us a rapid glimpse of the main episodes in this spread: the ephemeral Texan Republic, the wholesale displacement of Red Indians, the acquisition of enormous territories from the outnumbered and outgunned Mexicans, and the brave drive westward of the odd Mormons.



"THE LONG-CHERISHED DREAM OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLES": THE UNION OF ITALY SHOWN ON A MAP.

Maps reproduced from the book "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples. Vol. IV. The Great Democracies." By courtesy of the publishers, Cassell and Co. Ltd.

have had from him. Those two great series of volumes about the two World Wars, in the first of which he served as statesman and as soldier, and in the second of which he was, for a time, Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders, have to many of us a greater appeal than all his other books. They recall Thucydides, by virtue of their range, knowledge and magnanimity: though Sir Winston is by no means as terse and laconic as that very self-controlled Greek, who allowed himself to be dramatic only when he was starkly relating events intrinsically dramatic, or putting speeches into other people's mouths.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 482 of this issue.

* "A History of the English-speaking Peoples. Vol. IV. The Great Democracies." By Winston S. Churchill. (Cassell; 30s.)

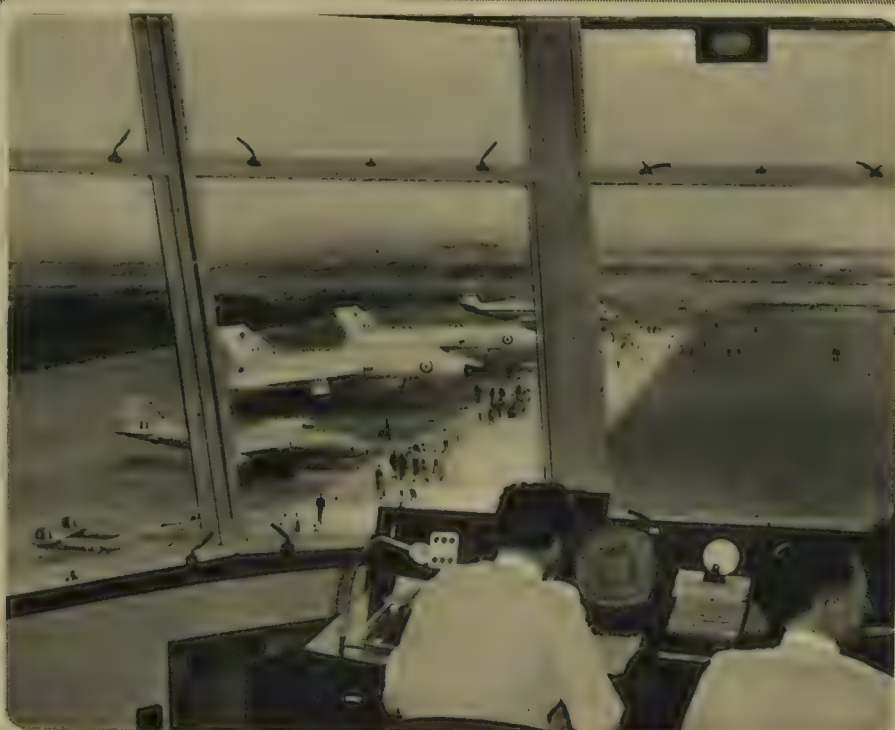
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THE SAHARA. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HASSI MESSAOUD CAMP, IN THE NEWLY-DEVELOPED OILFIELD, FROM WHICH A 100-MILE-LONG PIPELINE RUNS TO TOUGGOURT. The discovery of a rich oilfield in the Sahara, from which oil has already begun to flow into France, has led to the granting by the French Government of oil-prospecting rights to seven groups of companies, including important British and American interests.



MARTIGUES, FRANCE. THE FIRST SHIPOLOAD OF SAHARAN OIL—15,000 TONS TO REACH FRANCE DISCHARGING FROM THE TANKER *PRESIDENT MERY* IN EARLY MARCH.



NAIROBI, KENYA. THE AIRPORT THE QUEEN MOTHER COULDN'T OPEN: A VIEW OF THE NEW NAIROBI AIRPORT AT EMBAKASI, SEEN FROM THE CONTROL TOWER.



NAIROBI, KENYA. ACTING ON THE QUEEN MOTHER'S BEHALF: SIR EVELYN BARING, GOVERNOR OF KENYA, DECLARING THE NEW EMBAKASI AIRPORT OPEN. The new airport at Embakasi, Nairobi, was to have been opened by the Queen Mother; and the fact that she was prevented from doing so by engine trouble in the aircraft which was bringing her back from Australia caused great disappointment in the colony. Sir Evelyn Baring performed the ceremony on her behalf on March 9.



HONG KONG. WHAT THE NEW RUNWAY OF KAI TAK AIRPORT WILL LOOK LIKE WHEN IT IS OPENED IN AUGUST THIS YEAR. IT IS OF RECLAIMED LAND STRETCHING INTO THE HARBOUR. The runways at Kai Tak Airport, Hong Kong, are short, difficult of approach and only usable from dawn to dusk. The large new runway superseding them has cost 18,000,000 dollars and will provide a 24-hour service and a straight run-in, as seen in the impression above.



HONG KONG. THE NEW 8340-FT.-LONG RUNWAY AT KAI TAK, AS IT IS AT PRESENT. ON THE RIGHT A HILL WAS LEVELLED TO PROVIDE FILLING FOR THE AREA.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



THE UNITED STATES. THE DECOMMISSIONING OF THE LAST U.S. BATTLESHIP: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE ON BOARD THE 45,000-TON U.S.S. *WISCONSIN* AT BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY, ON MARCH 8.



THE UNITED STATES. FAREWELL TO A BATTLESHIP AND AN ERA: A U.S. NAVAL OFFICER SALUTING U.S.S. *WISCONSIN* AT THE NAVAL SUPPLY DEPOT AT BAYONNE. On March 8 in ceremonies at Bayonne, New Jersey, the 45,000-ton *Wisconsin*, the last United States battleship at sea, was decommissioned and handed over to the New York group of the Atlantic Reserve Fleet. It is the first time since 1895 that the United States Navy is without a battleship.



WEST GERMANY. MAKING HIS LAST VISIT AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF TO THE 8TH KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LUNEBURG ON MARCH 10. THE DUKE INSPECTED A GUARD OF HONOUR, ADDRESSED THE REGIMENT AND WATCHED CENTURION TANKS EXERCISING. (SEE FRONTISPIECE.)



WEST GERMANY. AT HAMBURG, WHERE X-RAY HELPS TO DEFEAT SMUGGLERS: A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL LOOKING AT A COLLEAGUE'S X-RAY "TELL-TALE." Officials of Hamburg's Harbour Customs Bureau are using a mobile X-ray unit to help them in their war against smuggling. Officials and workers wear an X-ray "tell-tale" on their suits so that the amount of rays they have absorbed can be checked.



GREECE. TAKING PART IN THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS OF THE CESSION OF THE DODECANESE TO GREECE: KING PAUL OF GREECE, WITH QUEEN FREDERIKA AND PRINCESS SOPHIA IN NATIONAL DRESS, ARRIVING AT THE TOWN HALL IN RHODES ON MARCH 7.



WEST GERMANY. AT THE BASILICA OF ST. ANDREAS IN COLOGNE: DR. ADENAUER AFTER HIS INVESTITURE AS AN HONORARY KNIGHT OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER. On March 10 Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, was invested as an honorary knight of the Teutonic Order at a ceremony in the basilica of St. Andreas in Cologne. Our photograph shows him (second from left) standing next to the Austrian Chancellor, Herr Raab.



WEST GERMANY. THE INSIGNIA (AND ENROLMENT CERTIFICATE) OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER WITH WHICH DR. ADENAUER WAS INVESTED FOR HIS SERVICES TO THE CHRISTIAN WEST.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



UNITED STATES. COMBINING THE QUALITIES OF A LAND VEHICLE WITH THOSE OF A SMALL HELICOPTER: A VERTICAL TAKE-OFF "FLYING JEEP" WHICH IS BEING DEVELOPED IN PHILADELPHIA BY THE PIASECKI AIRCRAFT CORPORATION. WITH TWO ROTORS BUILT INTO THE CHASSIS, IT IS PLANNED TO FLY AT UP TO 150 M.P.H.



WESTERN GERMANY. WATCHED BY HERR ALFRED KRUPP (STANDING IN THE FOREGROUND): AN EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE CHIMNEYS AT A KRUPP PLANT AT ESSEN TO PREPARE THE GROUND FOR NEW DEVELOPMENT.



UNITED STATES. AFTER AN ACCIDENTALLY-JETTISONED UNARMED NUCLEAR WEAPON HAD FALLEN AND EXPLODED NEAR IT: THE HOUSE AT FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA, WHERE FIVE PEOPLE WERE INJURED.



UNITED STATES. CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION OF THE UNARMED NUCLEAR WEAPON: A 35-FT.-DEEP CRATER AT FLORENCE. On March 12 a B47 bomber accidentally jettisoned an unarmed nuclear weapon over Florence, South Carolina. The high-explosive charge in the weapon caused a violent explosion, which heavily damaged the house near by. On the following day it was officially admitted that a small but unarmful amount of radiation had been discharged.



U.S.S.R. AT ITS FIRST PERFORMANCE IN MOSCOW: A RUSSIAN VERSION OF "CINERAMA" BEING SHOWN AT THE INAUGURATION OF A NEW HALL. THE FILM—A DOCUMENTARY ON THE SOVIET UNION—IS CALLED "MY DEAR GREAT COUNTRY."



U.S.S.R. RECENTLY ANNOUNCED IN MOSCOW BUT AVAILABLE TO TOP GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS ONLY: A NEW RUSSIAN DE LUXE LIMOUSINE—THE ZIL III, WHICH WILL COST ABOUT £2500. IT SEATS SIX PERSONS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



AUSTRALIA. THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE FLOODS IN SYDNEY: CHILDREN SWIMMING IN A STREET IN THE SUBURB OF MARRICKVILLE.

During the February floods in Sydney two suburbs recorded 5 ins. of rain in four hours, causing damage estimated at £250,000. Twelve inches of rain were recorded in four days at the Sydney weather bureau and hundreds of homes and shops were flooded. There was also flooding along the southern coast of New South Wales, which until three weeks previously had been drought-stricken.

(Right.) WEST GERMANY. IN MUNICH TO THANK THE DOCTORS AND STAFF OF THE RECHTS DER ISAR HOSPITAL: THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS OF MANCHESTER. Alderman Leslie Lever, the Lord Mayor of Manchester, accompanied by Mrs. Lever, the Lady Mayoress, arrived in Munich on March 11 to convey Manchester's thanks for the care given to those injured in the Manchester United aircraft crash on February 6. There was a civic reception at the hospital.



AUSTRALIA. THE FLOODS IN SYDNEY: PEOPLE STANDING MORE THAN ANKLE-DEEP IN WATER AT A BUS-STOP IN THE SUBURB OF NARRABEEN.



UGANDA. REPORTED AS WANTING A SEPARATION FROM HIS QUEEN: THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA AND (RIGHT) HIS TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD WIFE, QUEEN DAMALI. According to reports, the thirty-three-year-old Kabaka of Buganda, Mutesa II, is anxious to separate from Queen Damali, styled the Nabagereka, and to marry her younger sister, Sarah. The Kabaka was exiled from Buganda in 1953 for publicly declaring his opposition to British Government policy; he returned to his country in October 1955. During his exile the Kabaka was visited by his wife, who arrived in this country in April 1954. The Kabaka's heir, a boy, was born to Queen Damali in January 1955.



EGYPT. SINKING IN ALEXANDRIA AFTER COLLIDING WITH A SUBMERGED WRECK DURING A STORM: THE PANAMANIAN CARGO-SHIP NADIA.

The crew of thirty-five were all saved when the Panamanian cargo-ship *Nadia* (5565 tons) sank in the port of Alexandria recently, after colliding with the submerged wreckage, reported to be that of a British vessel, during a storm.



GHANA. OPPOSITE PARLIAMENT HOUSE IN ACCRA: THE SCENE DURING THE UNVEILING OF A BRONZE STATUE OF DR. NKRUH, PRIME MINISTER OF GHANA.

On March 6, the eve of the first anniversary of Ghana's independence, a 10-ft.-high bronze statue of Dr. Nkrumah was unveiled in Accra by the Chief Justice, Sir Arku Korsah. The ceremony was attended by the Earl of Listowel, the Governor-General.

THE rebel Government set up in Central Sumatra has become a familiar, if minor, feature of the political landscape. At one time the chances seemed to favour its survival because the political centre of Indonesia, Java, was itself so shaky and disunited. And, indeed, the dissidents in Sumatra would probably have had little to fear and the Indonesian Government might not even have resorted to military action against them had all gone according to their plan. They clearly expected to control all Sumatra. What actually happened was that the Indonesian Government re-established itself in the north, and in the south the local military dictator declared himself neutral.

The Jakarta Government acted with speed and brought off a surprise. It requisitioned a number of ships and such aircraft as were available. Its first move was to seize islands—the most important being Benkalis—where resistance was improbable

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE POT BOILS IN SUMATRA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

lead the southern neutrals in Sumatra to back the winners.

Moscow was very quickly off the mark in comment, so quick as to make knowledge in advance seem a possible explanation. Its denunciation of the rebels was not only immediate but whole-hearted, though the terms were so familiar as to make detail unnecessary. The talk of Russian arms and of the arrival in Java of Russian "specialists" is unconfirmed. "Specialists" are reported on all such occasions, whether or not they have appeared. Yet Russia has confirmed the moral influence already established in Jakarta,

applied itself seriously to the grievances of the other islands, which feel themselves to be exploited in the interests of Java.

One unusual feature of the troubles in Indonesia is that they aggravate the bad financial effects of the disgraceful treatment of the Dutch and their possessions a short time ago. Insurance settlements, particularly on shipping, involving enormous sums are still pending, and this fresh complication holds up decisions about the future of ships and the prospects of compensation. Such situations are not altogether new, but here the business is on so vast a scale that it may cause quite exceptional difficulty. As I wrote at the time, the older world which did not live in dread of explosions infinitely greater than that which has occurred in Sumatra would have refused to tolerate the illegalities of the Indonesian Government. As it was, not a dog barked at Dr. Sukarno.

There is a lighter side to the present scene. The spectacle of a little dictator setting up a tin-pot Government and declaring it neutral in the quarrel between the State and an element in revolt is delicious, if one observes it from a distance. Democracy—of a sort—has come to the Asian periphery and has been improved upon by ingenious minds. Indonesia, like Viet Nam, is rich in prominent figures who look about half their ages, so that Cabinet Ministers might be mistaken for undergraduates, but undergraduates of an amiability and gentleness unknown to Oxford, where these words are written, smiling, always smiling, with incomparable sweetness. And they are in fact politicians as subtle as any in the world, thinking six moves ahead where the slow-minded European can manage only one. When they seem to be rebelling or putting down rebellion the quickness of the hand may be deceiving the eye.

Their basic problems, however, may be serious enough. Other forces, far greater, are loose in Asia. These possess none of the charm and grace of the attractive southerners. They can look ahead too, and if it be only a couple of moves, their vision is wider and their concentration on essentials greater. And it may well be that too much fribbling, too much attention to weighing feathers in the scales, will prove fatal to the southern politicians. It may also bring calamity upon their people, who are not responsible for their frivolities, though they have perhaps been



TROUBLE IN SUMATRA: A SCENE IN THE RESIDENTIAL AREA OF BUKIT TINGGI, NORTH OF PADANG, WHERE THE REBELS WERE EXPECTED TO TRY AND HOLD OUT.

and, in fact, did not occur, off the mouth of the Siak River, nearly in face of Singapore across the Malacca Strait. Next it is reported to have made a landing on the mainland. Then on March 12 parachute troops were dropped on Pakanbaru. At the time of writing, reports are vague and may not be reliable, but it is most unlikely that the parachutists were numerous enough to take the town if any serious resistance was offered. They may have secured the airfield and then been reinforced by means of the Jakarta Government's *Dakotas* landing on it.

The affair may be over by the time these lines are read, because so far the rebels seem to have been shadow-boxing only. Factors in their favour are to be found, however, should they make a determined fight. For one thing, Indonesia, like most of the new Asian states, is on the fringe of bankruptcy, nearer the edge than most. Even a small bush-whacking expedition is expensive; for those engaged in such an activity the cost of living has risen as for everyone else. The scene is not suited to a quick campaign against opponents not disposed to throw up the sponge, and prepared to take to guerrilla warfare as a last resort.

Our maps of Asia are nearly all small scale, so that it may not generally be realised how big this island is: well over a thousand miles long, well over three times the extent of England. Add primitive and scanty communications, forests, marshes—one along the coast where the Jakarta Government's forces have appeared—and it becomes clear that the country affords possibilities of resistance against many more troops than can be sent against it. I am not prophesying that this will happen because it depends on the amount of resolution shown by the rebels and whether or not the Jakarta Government is disposed to compromise. The rebels are, whatever else they may be, anti-Communists, and some signs of anxiety about Dr. Sukarno's tenderness to Communism have been shown in Jakarta. On the other hand, sweeping early success for the Government might



"WHERE RESISTANCE WAS IMPROBABLE AND, IN FACT, DID NOT OCCUR": BENKALLIS, SHOWING A SCENE ON THE ISLAND, NEARLY IN FACE OF SINGAPORE ACROSS THE MALACCA STRAIT, WHICH WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THOSE SEIZED BY THE JAKARTA GOVERNMENT FROM THE REBELS.

and no good ever comes of that. A civil war of any duration in Indonesia would open up ugly contingencies in a region which is at the moment perhaps even more explosive than the Middle East.

One factor which may make for a certain outward restraint on Russia's part is her knowledge that action obviously intended as fresh fuel for the flames would bring down the prospect of "Summit" talks with the West very rapidly. If she is set upon attaining these, as all the evidence suggests, she may be expected to exercise prudence, and unless the rebels in Central Sumatra go in for guerrilla warfare in a big way, the affair is likely to be over before any such talks take place. Perhaps the best thing that could happen would be the return to the political arena of Dr. Hatta, whose influence would be soothing. It is also about time that the Jakarta Government

fascinated by them and played a part in them. The main block of Asia, by far the greater part of it, is solid, grim, enterprising Communism.

Roughly one-fifth of a vast population is even attempting to follow the lines of what is considered in the West to be freedom. Some of that fraction is making a poor hand of the job and some is in peril of failure. And upwards of half that fifth has adopted or is showing signs of adopting a policy of neutrality, which it describes as standing "uncommitted." One of the unhappiest aspects of the events in Indonesia is that the Government is not professedly Communist, but has flirted with the Communist element for tactical reasons. It might take some lessons from outside. Governments which invite Communism in, meet the fate of the cuckoo's foster-parents. Their own offspring are elbowed out of the nest.

INDONESIA: REBEL PREPARATIONS AND MEETINGS IN CENTRAL SUMATRA.



IN PADANG, THE REBEL CAPITAL: STUDENTS BEING DRILLED UNDER THE REBEL GOVERNMENT'S PREPAREDNESS PROGRAMME.

IT was reported from Singapore on March 15 that Dr. Mohammed Hatta, the anti-Communist former Vice-President of Indonesia, had formally declined to confer further with President Sukarno in the effort to secure a peaceful solution to the Indonesian crisis. This indicated that all possibility of compromise had disappeared between the Central Government and the rebels, who are opposed to President Sukarno's left-wing concept of "guided democracy" and who had hoped a new, non-Communist Cabinet might have been formed under Dr. Hatta. While Central Government forces were fighting in Sumatra in the first phase of the campaign to suppress the rebels, there were conflicting reports about assistance to the Government side from the Communist bloc and to the rebels from Western powers. At the time of writing, it was reported that Medan, an important city on the coast of north-east Sumatra, had been

[Continued below.]

(Right.) PREPARING TO MEET TROOPS FROM JAVA SENT TO CRUSH THE REBELLION: TRENCHES BEING DUG IN PADANG.



A RESULT OF THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT'S SEA BLOCKADE: THE REBELS' PETROL SHORTAGE—A VEHICLE QUEUE AT A PADANG GARAGE.



RALLYING SUPPORT FOR THE REBELS: DR. B. HARAHAP, THE REBEL DEFENCE MINISTER, WHO WAS PRIME MINISTER OF INDONESIA TWO YEARS AGO, AT A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

Continued.] taken by the rebels. Pekanbaru, the big oil centre in central Sumatra, appeared still to be in Government hands after the successful parachutist drop there on March 12. Government forces had also taken Dumai, the Caltex oil company's ocean terminal on the north-east coast of the rebel area. Caltex were resuming normal drilling and some of their tankers were to return to the Siak River. From Jakarta it was reported that Government forces had landed on the west



MR. PRAWIRANEGARA, THE REBEL PREMIER (LEFT), AND DR. HARAHAP, THE DEFENCE MINISTER, WITH REBEL LEADERS' WIVES, AFTER ADDRESSING A VILLAGE MEETING.

coast near the rebel capital of Padang. The outlawed Darul Islam movement, which has 40,000 guerillas in Sumatra alone, appeared still to be uncommitted in the conflict. Casualties in the fighting so far were said to be light. As a result of the Government blockade, foreign trade with the rebel area in central Sumatra was almost at a standstill. The Indonesian situation is discussed by Captain Falls on page 463.



A GLITTERING SCENE IN LONDON'S GUILDHALL ON MARCH 17: THE LORD MAYOR, SIR DENIS TRUSCOTT, MAKING HIS SPEECH OF WELCOME AS THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET SIT BEHIND HIM ON THE DAIS. EIGHT HUNDRED GUESTS WERE PRESENT, MANY OF THEM COMMONWEALTH REPRESENTATIVES.



BEFORE RISING TO REPLY TO THE LORD MAYOR'S SPEECH OF WELCOME: THE QUEEN MOTHER SEEN IN CONVERSATION WITH SIR DENIS. THE LADY MAYORESS IS ON THE LEFT.

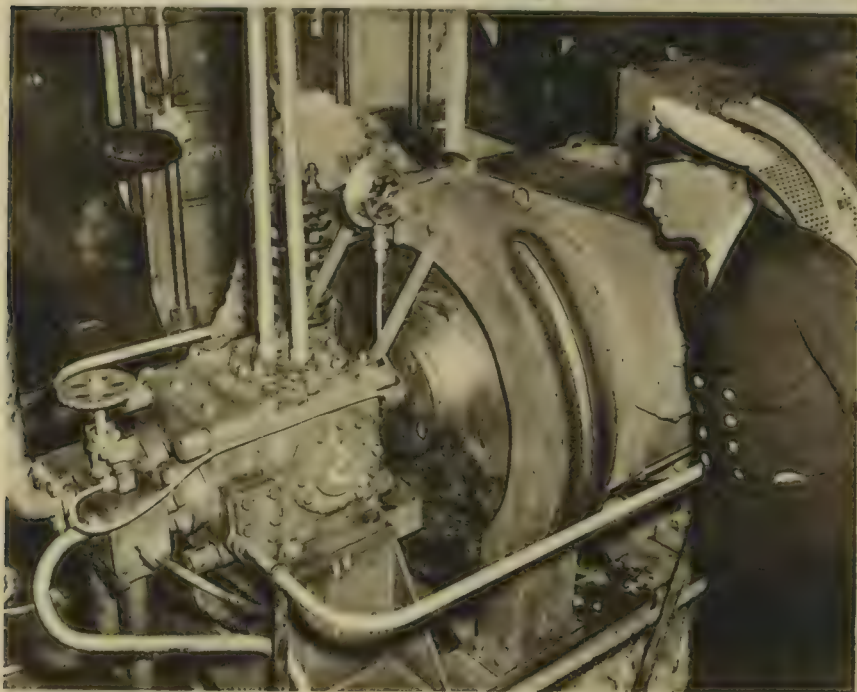


WEARING A SPARKLING DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE AND WHITE NET, AND A DIAMOND TIARA: THE QUEEN MOTHER MAKING HER SPEECH AT GUILDHALL.

LONDON'S WELCOME HOME TO THE QUEEN MOTHER: THE GUILDHALL RECEPTION AT THE END OF HER COMMONWEALTH TOUR.

Instead of the traditional luncheon the City of London held an evening reception at Guildhall on March 17 to welcome home H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother from her triumphantly successful Commonwealth Tour. As the Queen Mother, who was accompanied by Princess Margaret, walked in procession to the dais in Guildhall with the Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott, she was cheered enthusiastically by the 800 distinguished guests assembled to greet her. In his speech of welcome the Lord Mayor spoke of the Queen

Mother's personal triumph as "an ambassador second to none." He closed by reading a touching letter from a half-caste Maori woman thanking the Queen Mother for her visit to New Zealand. In her reply the Queen Mother, who through this tour has become the first member of the Royal family to circumnavigate the globe by air, said that her journey had taken her nearly 35,000 miles by air. After the speeches her Majesty moved informally among the guests and spoke with many of them.

STABILISERS FOR THE *QUEEN MARY*.

INSIDE THE HULL OF THE CUNARDER *QUEEN MARY*: AN ENGINEER OFFICER INSPECTING THE MAIN POWER UNIT OF THE PORT FORWARD STABILISER FIN.



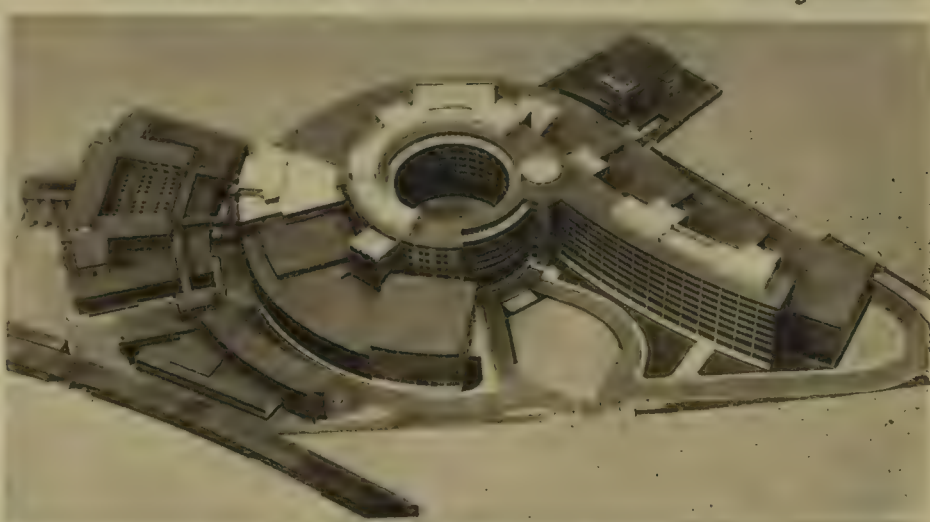
SHORTLY BEFORE THE INSTALLATION OF STABILISERS IN THE LINER *QUEEN MARY* WAS COMPLETE: AN ENGINEER INSPECTING THE EXTENDED PORT FORWARD FIN.



TWO ENGINEER OFFICERS INSPECTING ONE OF THE DENNY BROWN STABILISERS, WHICH WILL GREATLY INCREASE PASSENGER COMFORT IN THE *QUEEN MARY*.

When the liner *Queen Mary* sails for New York on April 2 she will be fitted with the Denny Brown stabilisers which have been so successful in her sister-ship, the *Queen Elizabeth*. The stabilisers have been fitted during an extended overhaul and modification at the King George V dry-dock at Southampton, during which extensive modernisation of the kitchens has also been carried out. The four stabiliser fins project nearly 12 ft. from the hull, which is over 1000 ft. long, and they are expected to give the *Queen Mary* a negligible roll in normal weather and a maximum roll of 10 degrees in the roughest. The fitting of the stabilisers has cost about £500,000.

BUILDING AND ENGINEERING PROJECTS.



NOW TAKING SHAPE AT WHITE CITY, LONDON: THE B.B.C. TELEVISION CENTRE, WHICH SHOULD BE IN SERVICE EARLY IN 1961—SEEN IN A MODEL.

There will be seven studios in the huge new B.B.C. television centre now under construction on a 13-acre site at White City. The studios and offices will be in the circular building in the centre. The scenery block on the left and the restaurant block (top right) are already in use.



VIEWING A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED DEVELOPMENT SCHEME FOR THEIR UNIVERSITY: THREE STUDENTS OF SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY.

The three tower-blocks (right foreground), which would provide residential accommodation for students within the campus, are among the features of the development scheme for Southampton University proposed by Mr. Basil Spence, the architect of Coventry Cathedral.



LINKING THE ROAD SYSTEMS OF ESSEX AND KENT UNDER THE THAMES: WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE MAIN TUNNEL BEHIND ONE OF THE 300-TON SHIELDS, WHICH PROTECT THE MINERS.

More than 730 ft. of the main 4688-ft. tunnel under the Thames between Dartford and Purfleet has been completed since work on this part of the £11,000,000 project was inaugurated a year ago. The tunnel, on which work originally began before the war, may be in use in 1962. Work on the approach roads is expected to start this summer. It is the longest under-river road tunnel to be constructed in Great Britain since the Mersey Tunnel was completed in 1934.



ON A SPRING DAY IN A HAMPSHIRE WOODLAND: MEMBERS OF BRITAIN'S FIRST GUIDED WEAPONS REGIMENT UNDERGOING TRAINING WITH A 45-FT.-LONG AMERICAN-BUILT CORPORAL GUIDED MISSILE.

In February 1957 the War Office announced the formation of 47 Guided Weapons Regiment (Field), R.A. This regiment has now been equipped with the American *Corporal* missile and is undergoing training in the Aldershot area. The formation of a second guided weapons regiment—27 Guided Weapons Regiment (Field), R.A.—was announced last September. In the Army Estimates announced in the House of Commons on March 6, it was stated that the two surface-to-surface guided missile regiments now training in this country would join the British Army of the Rhine on the completion

of their training. 47 Regiment, which is commanded by Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Cordingley, R.A., has an establishment of something over 500 men and is organised in two batteries. The regiment has a R.E.M.E. workshops section permanently attached and has its own survey unit. Individual training has been carried out at the Guided Weapons Wing of the School of Artillery at Larkhill. The *Corporal* has a range of 50 miles, though there is an improved version with a range of 100 miles. This remarkable photograph was taken from the top of a "Cherry-picker" giant mobile servicing platform.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

PAINTINGS IN SEARCH OF THEIR DONOR.

All this set me thinking of the most famous of the Gallery's purchases I was privileged to see, the little Jan van Eyck "Virgin and Child" from the Weld-Blundell Collection—this was early in the 1920's when it was being cleaned before being sent to Melbourne. I remember, too, at the time being shown some Australian criticism of the folly of the Felton Bequest Trustees in paying whatever it was which seemed in these days a fabulous sum for a piece of painted wood 7½ by 10½ ins. The thing's a marvel, and immediately placed Melbourne in a unique position, for never previously had so distinguished an ambassador left Europe for the Antipodes—nor is likely to again, for one can hardly imagine another Van Eyck

to inquire into the subject of the promotion of the Fine Arts in Victoria, to submit a scheme for the formation of a Public Museum, Gallery and Schools of Art, and to determine the best mode of expending one thousand pounds in the commencement of a Public Gallery of Art." But it was the bequest of Mr. Alfred Felton in 1904 which enabled the Gallery to enter the international market, and its purchases since the First World War have made it by far the most distinguished art centre in the Southern Hemisphere, housing more than 1100 paintings and more than 6000 prints and drawings, besides numerous other works of art.

HERE'S a strange story. During the blitz in 1940 a car drove up to the offices of the Agent General for Victoria, in the Strand, a woman descended and, with the help of her chauffeur, unloaded several paintings. At the time she no doubt saw Sir Louis Bussau, then Agent General, who has since died, and so has his secretary. The record of her visit has been lost and the only traceable member of the staff, now in retirement, recalls that the owner's intention was that the paintings should go to Melbourne. The whole episode was forgotten in the midst of Hitler's war and the paintings remained wrapped up in the basement until quite recently, when they were disinterred by Sir William Leggatt, the present Agent General. Two of them are reproduced here—one a Van de Velde, the other an early Constable. There are also two small cloud-scapes by Constable, and a seascape, a pleasant water-colour of the Old Mill at Nutfield, by John Linnell, and two or three other small paintings of no consequence.

Nothing has been heard or seen of the donor since that day in 1940. It is possible that she is no longer alive, but, if so, it would obviously be of interest to discover who she was and it is hoped that these illustrations may catch the eye of someone who remembers them. Better still, that she herself is hale and hearty and will come forward. Not everybody has a good visual memory for paintings—indeed, it is surprising how many people can live with familiar pictures for years without actually looking at them. (If you care to take the risk of making yourself thoroughly unpopular, cross-examine those of your acquaintances who are not devotees of the arts as to exactly what they have on their walls.)

Perhaps the serene Van de Velde sea-piece is a little too near other paintings by one or other of the two Van de Veldes and by other seventeenth-century Dutch masters, to make more than a transitory impression upon any but fairly expert eyes, but I would hazard a guess that the exoticism of the little fishing pavilion in the Constable (as engaging as Sir William Chambers' pagoda in Kew Gardens, though less ambitious) must have provoked comment among members of the family or among visitors at some time or other. There is, of course, this possibility—that the owner had inherited or bought both paintings many years ago and had kept them out of sight owing to lack of space, in which case publication here might be of no avail. But what seems more likely is that she had them hanging in her London house, decided to put them into a safe place, and so made a present of them there and then to the Melbourne Gallery. Presumably she knew all about the Gallery and its purchases under the Felton Bequest, and she surely had a close connection with Australia. I need scarcely add that Sir William Leggatt and the Gallery Trustees will be grateful for any clues; it seems impossible that all recollection of these two paintings has entirely faded. The Constable is mentioned in the painter's correspondence as one of two of Wivenhoe Park, Essex, for which he received commissions. I am informed that the present owner of the estate hopes to trace the foundations of the building.



AMONG THE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS LEFT AT VICTORIA HOUSE, OFF THE STRAND, DURING THE BLITZ: A MARINE SCENE BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER (1633-1707). (Oil on canvas: 23 by 28½ ins.)



"WIVENHOE PARK," BY JOHN CONSTABLE (1776-1837): ANOTHER OF THE VALUABLE PAINTINGS LEFT AT VICTORIA HOUSE. FRANK DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THESE PAINTINGS, THE SEARCH FOR THEIR DONOR, AND THE PLANS FOR THEIR FUTURE, IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (Oil on canvas: 13 by 20 ins.)

coming on the market. (Last year it was shown at the National Gallery in London for some months.)

The newly-found early Constable, together with the three other small oil sketches, will go to join another—one of those Hampstead Heath landscapes which are as much studies of clouds as of country, with the horizon a line across the middle of the canvas and sky and earth vibrating with light. The collection began humbly enough in 1859 when the Trustees of the Melbourne Public Library met to decide how best to spend £2000. Then, in 1863, "a Royal Commission was issued empowering the gentlemen therein named

No collection, however considerable, can ever be considered near completion, and this one is no exception. What is extraordinary about it is that, coming so late into the field, it has been able to acquire so many major works while at the same time keeping a nice balance between the paintings of the various schools. Among the works of the Dutch seventeenth-century masters (this Van de Velde will be a welcome addition) pride of place must be given to the Rembrandt self-portrait of 1660, acquired in 1933 from the Duke of Portland; and, among the Italians, to one of those penetrating fifteenth-century Florentine profile portraits, and to the enormous theatrical "Banquet of Cleopatra," by G. B. Tiepolo, of 1744, which once belonged to Count Bruhl, at Dresden, Augustus of Saxony's Chief Minister; and then to the Empress Catherine of Russia. It remained at St. Petersburg until 1933, and now bears witness on the other side of the world to the lively inventiveness of this last of the great Italian decorators.

There are a fine Nicolas Poussin among the French paintings, acquired in 1948, a first-class portrait by David, and a beautifully-chosen series of nineteenth-century masters. There is a typical Corot, an unfamiliar work by Millet—not the Millet of the famous Angelus but an earlier Millet (the date is 1847) when he was painting from the nude, and this is Susannah—poor Susannah, a heroic figure struggling to escape from the clasp of two huge grizzly bear-like elders; a small and dignified Puvis de Chavannes, a replica made by him in 1896 of the large decoration of 1892 in the Hôtel de Ville at Paris. Courbet is present with a violent sea-piece, "The Wave," painted on the Normandy coast in the 1860's; and there is a limpid beach scene by Boudin which illustrates uncommonly well the remark he made in one of his letters: "The Creator has spread his splendid and refreshing light everywhere and we reproduce not so much the world as the air that envelops it." But a lengthy list would be boring—let it suffice that nearly all the great persons seem to be there from Manet to Cézanne, and, of course, an excellent representation of the English eighteenth century, together with an important series of Blake water-colours.

It is, however, necessary to remember that the Melbourne Gallery is more than a depository of some fine examples of works of art from Europe's past—it is also a National Gallery, looking back to Australia's brief yesterday and forward to what we believe will be a splendid future. All the more reason, therefore, that generations to come should be able to feast their eyes upon some of the noblest paintings of the past.



TO THE HEART OF ANCIENT ATHENS ACROSS THE LATEST MAJOR EXCAVATIONS: A VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE THESEION ACROSS THE NOW CLEARED SITE OF THE AGORA, RIGHT ACROSS THE FOREGROUND.



WHERE THE CHORUS OF OLD MEN TRIED TO STORM THE EMBATTLED WOMEN OF ARISTOPHANES' "LYSISTRATA": THE PROPYLÆA FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

THE SOUL OF ANCIENT ATHENS AND ITS BUSIEST MARKET-PLACE: ACROPOLIS AND PROPYLÆA; AND THE AGORA.

Overleaf we show the Acropolis as drawn by Mr. Sorrell from the south-south-west; here we have two views of the north side of the great rock, the lower drawing being, as it were, a close-up of the Propylæa (which also appears in the centre background of the upper.) The Acropolis is discussed in general overleaf. The two views shown here have an additional, and topical, interest. Since 1931 the Agora has been excavated and cleared

by the American School of Archaeological Studies, the completion of this work being crowned in September 1956 by the opening of the reconstructed Stoa of Attalos (just off the picture to the left, in the upper reproduction). The Propylæa, too, is in the news—in the London theatre, as it supplies the locale for Aristophanes' uproarious 2369-year-old comedy "Lysistrata," which opened at the Royal Court Theatre to great success around Christmas.

From water-colours by Alan Sorrell, specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News," the upper now the property of G. de Ste. Croix, Esq., the lower, of the Ministry of Works.

THE CLASSIC SCENE—AND BIRTHPLACE OF WESTERN CIVILISATION: THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS, WITH LYCABETTUS IN THE BACKGROUND.



"THE EYE OF GREECE, MOTHER OF ARTS AND ELOQUENCE": THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE SOUTH-SOUTH-WEST.

During his visit to Greece, our artist, Mr. Alan Sorrell, in addition to collecting material for a number of reconstruction drawings of ancient sites, recorded in water-colour a series of classic scenes as they are to-day. Of these this extended view of the acropolis of Athens is one of the most interesting, intrinsically and in its implications as the birthplace of all that is highest in Western humanistic civilisation. Crowning the rock, from left to right, are the Propylaea,

the gateway through which the Sacred Way led to the temples on the summit; the Erechtheum, the favourite temple of the ancient Athenians with its famous Porch of the Kora or Gorgon; and the huge and noble Parthenon, which Pericles caused to be built and Phidias adorned. At the foot of the rock, just off the picture to the left, stands the Areopagus, Mars' Hill, the scene of St. Paul's preaching and the point at which Christianity, the other source of Western

WITH THE PARTHENON DOMINATING THE GREAT ROCK, AND THE THEATRE OF DIONYSUS BELOW, RIGHT.

civilisation, met the classic world for the first time. On the other side, at the right-hand foot of the rock, lies the Theatre of Dionysus where the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides and the riotous comedies of Aristophanes were first performed and the world's drama sprang into being fully armed, like Athens from the forehead of Zeus. In the right background rises the sugar-loaf peak of Mt. Lycabettus, which the geologists say belongs to the same folding

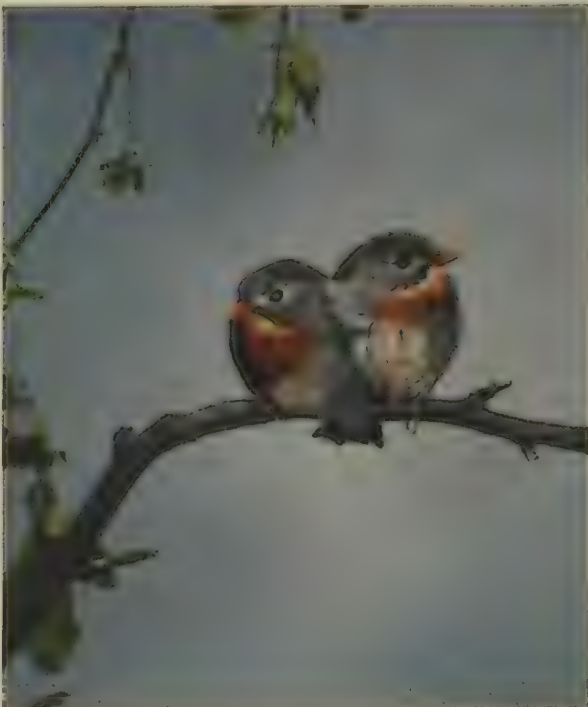
as the Acropolis and the Pnyx, but which the mythologists prefer to say was dropped by Athene as a punishment of the daughters of Cecrops, the legendary founder of Athens. This, then, was the birthplace and cradle of art, poetry, drama, philosophy, political democracy and freedom of the mind; this, in Milton's words, in "Paradise Regained," is "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence, native to famous wits, Or hospitable, in her sweet recess. . ."

From a water-colour by Alan Sorrell, specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" and now the property of Geoffrey de Ste. Croix, Esq.

FAVOURITES OF THE AVIARY: FROM BUDGERIGARS TO WAXBILLS.



POSSIBLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE LOVEBIRDS: MASKED LOVEBIRDS (*AGAPORNIS PERSONATA*), WHICH ARE SOMETIMES CALLED BESPECTACLED LOVEBIRDS FROM THE CIRCLE OF WHITE ROUND THEIR EYES. THEIR HABITAT IS TANGANYIKA AND NYASALAND.



HARDY FOREIGN SOFTBILLS: PEKIN ROBINS (*LEIOTHRIX LUTEA*) WHICH COME FROM THE FAR EAST AND THE HIMALAYAS.



THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL CAGE BIRDS TO-DAY: BUDGERIGARS, WHICH ARE NOW BRED WITH MANY COLOUR VARIATIONS APART FROM THE ORIGINAL GRASS GREEN. YOUNG BIRDS CAN BE TAUGHT TO SPEAK CLEARLY AND THEY SOON BECOME FINGER-TAME.



SOME PRETTY BIRDS WHICH COME FROM THE TROPICAL NORTH OF AUSTRALIA: MASKED GRASSFINCHES (*PEPHILA PERSONATA*) WHICH ARE CLOSE RELATIVES OF THE LONG-TAILED GRASSFINCH.

SINCE the war cage birds and cage bird societies have greatly increased in numbers throughout the country. Among the favourite house pets to-day are budgerigars—which enjoy an almost phenomenal popularity—and the long-established canaries. The canary is a native of the Canary Islands and Madeira, where it occurs abundantly in the wild state, and is of a greyish-brown colour. Since it was first domesticated in Italy during the sixteenth century this bird has been the subject of careful artificial selection and to-day it differs widely in colour, and even in size and form, from the wild species. Many people in this country, perhaps initially inspired by an interest in budgerigars or canaries, have garden aviaries which provide them with unique opportunities for studying the habits and requirements of a number of foreign birds. Some of the small foreign birds, which are kept successfully by aviculturists in Britain, are shown in the colour photographs on this page. Perhaps first favourites among the hardbills (those birds which crack their seed discarding the outer husk and eating the kernel) are the lovebirds (*Agapornis*), of which there are several different species. All come from Africa and

[Continued below.]



FROM WEST AFRICA: ORANGE-CHEEKED WAXBILLS (*ESTRILDA MELPODA*). COCKS HAVE SLIGHTLY BRIGHTER ORANGE CHEEK-PATCHES THAN HENS. THESE TINY BIRDS ARE QUITE HARDY.



A LONG-ESTABLISHED FAVOURITE: THE CANARY OF WHICH MANY VARIETIES ARE NOW PRODUCED.

[Continued.]

they resemble miniature parrots but are larger and more heavily built than budgerigars. Among the finches, which are to be found in almost any collection of foreign birds, are the Masked grassfinches of Australia which, though extremely pretty birds, have never been as popular as their close relatives, the Long-tailed grassfinches. Waxbills, so-called because of their sealing-wax-like



POPULAR BIRDS FROM AFRICA: CORDON BLEUS (*URAEGINTHUS BENGALUS*). THE COCK HAS A RED CHEEK-PATCH.



A BIRD WHICH LIVES ON PADDY RICE IN THE WILD STATE: THE JAVA SPARROW (*PADDA ORYZIVORA*).

red beaks, comprise a group of very small and inexpensive seed-eaters. Among the hardy foreign softbills (the insectivorous and fruit-eating species) is the lively Pekin Robin, a perky and intelligent bird which comes from the Far East and the Himalayas. Another bird from the Far East is the Java Sparrow, a seed-eater, which is hardy and easy to keep.

Colour photographs by S. D. Jouhar, F.R.P.S., F.P.S.A.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: A FIBREGLASS SWIMMING-POOL AND OTHER ITEMS.



BEING DELIVERED BY A 5-CWT. VAN: A GILLIAM FIBREGLASS BATHING POOL—ONE OF A RANGE MADE BY A WOLVERHAMPTON FIRM TO PROVIDE SMALL OUTDOOR POOLS WITHIN REACH OF A MODEST BUDGET.



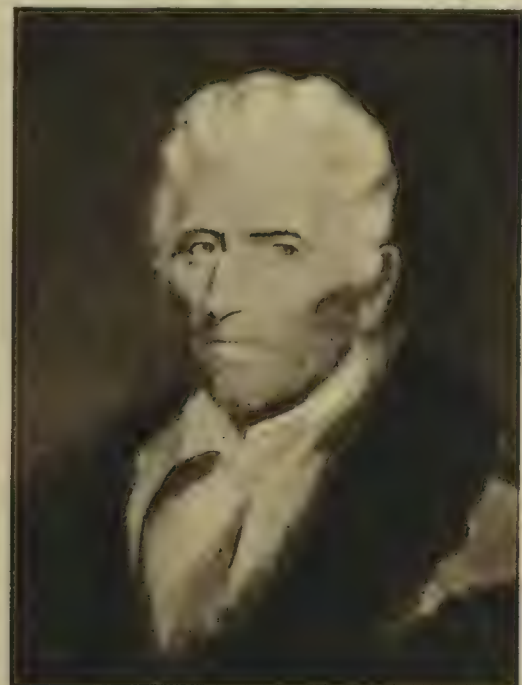
EASILY INSTALLED AND MAINTAINED: A GILLIAM FIBREGLASS POOL—THE "STANDARD" MODEL—WHICH MEASURES 16 FT. BY 8 FT. BY 3 FT. 4 INS. AND COSTS £195. Landscape and Gardens (Wolverhampton) Ltd., have developed a series of fibreglass swimming-pools which range in size from a children's pool at £65 to the "Family" pool, measuring 24 ft. by 10 ft. by 3 ft. 4 ins., and costing £335. Easily installed and maintained, these fibreglass pools are likely to prove most popular.



MADE BY A GERMAN FIRM FOR A MUSIC HALL IN CHICAGO: A GIANT MARIA THERESA CRYSTAL CHANDELIER. MORE THAN 15 FT. HIGH AND 12 FT. WIDE, IT WEIGHS ABOUT 3300 LB., AND IS ILLUMINATED BY 5450 BULBS. PROBABLY THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD, IT WILL BE DISMANTLED FOR TRANSPORTATION.



SOLD AT AUCTION IN LONDON FOR £1300: A RARE AND UNUSUAL SMALL REGENCY ROSEWOOD LIBRARY TABLE SURMOUNTED BY A BOOKCASE AND A SMALL GLOBE. (Height, 5 ft. 5 ins.) This fine piece was the final lot in a group of English Furniture, the property of the late Mrs. H. W. Leyel, included in the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on March 14. The circular table is 3 ft. 3 ins. in diameter, and the tiered bookcase divided by groups of book-backs in contemporary leather bindings revolves on it.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE J. B. SPEED ART MUSEUM, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT OF DANIEL BOONE (1734-1820). This portrait of Daniel Boone was painted by the American artist Chester Harding in 1820 and shows the famous frontiersman at the end of his long life. It has come to the J. B. Speed Museum as the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Almstedt.



NEARING COMPLETION AT LINGFIELD, SURREY: BRITAIN'S FIRST MORMON TEMPLE, WHICH IS TO BE DEDICATED IN SEPTEMBER. THE TEMPLE WILL BE NO. 14 OF THE MORMON CHURCH. IT WILL BE OPEN TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC FOR TWO WEEKS BEFORE ITS DEDICATION.



DURING A DEMONSTRATION AT GREENOCK ON MARCH 14: ONE WAY OF RIGHTING AN UPTURNED ELLIOT TWENTY-FIVE-MAN INFLATABLE LIFERAFT BEING SHOWN. IN OCTOBER 1956, INFLATABLE LIFERAFTS WERE MADE COMPULSORY FOR BRITISH FISHING FLEETS.



A NOVEL WAY OF SOLVING A DIFFICULT PROBLEM: LONDON'S LARGEST MOBILE CRANE GENTLY LIFTING A NEW ELECTRIC COOKER THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW INTO A THIRD-FLOOR FLAT IN QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. A SMALLER CRANE WAS STANDING BY, AND THE WHOLE OPERATION WAS REPORTED TO HAVE COST £30.

HERE AND THERE: SOME RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



A SAILING-SHIP MAKES HER LAST VOYAGE: THE DANISH TRAINING VESSEL *DANMARK* NOW HOME FROM HER LAST TRIP TO FOREIGN LANDS.

The Danish sailing-ship *Danmark*, which has been used for training purposes and maintained by the State, recently returned from her last annual trip to foreign lands. The vessel will now spend the rest of her days in a Danish anchorage, but she will not be forgotten by the many men who have sailed in her.



A LINER MAKES HER LAST VOYAGE: THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S LINER *REINA DEL PACIFICO*.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company's liner *Reina del Pacifico*, 17,872 tons, is now on her last voyage to South America and back. On her return next month she will be withdrawn from service and either sold or scrapped. In July 1957 the liner was aground for four days on a coral reef off the coast of Bermuda.



MAKING HER FIRST LONDON APPEARANCE AS AURORA IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY": MISS ANYA LINDEN.

The 300th performance of "The Sleeping Beauty" at Covent Garden, London, on March 15 was notable for the first London appearance of Miss Anya Linden in the rôle of Princess Aurora, which she danced for the first time in Los Angeles last November.



A "ROOF-WARMING" PARTY AT THE MERMAID THEATRE: MR. NORMAN WISDOM TOASTING THE CROWD DURING THE CELEBRATIONS.

Celebrations were held on and beneath the newly-completed roof of the Mermaid Theatre at Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, London, on March 13, to celebrate the completion of this stage of the building work. Mr. Bernard Miles, the man behind the Mermaid, presided over the dispensation of mulled claret.



AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE IN PARIS: Mlle. FRANÇOISE SAGAN, AUTHOR OF "BONJOUR TRISTESSE," AND HER BRIDEGROOM, M. GUY SCHOELLER.

Mlle. Françoise Sagan, the successful French girl novelist, who is twenty-two, was married in Paris on March 13 to M. Guy Schoeller, a forty-three-year-old publisher. The ceremony was performed in the Town Hall of the Batignolles-Monceau district, which was besieged by journalists and photographers.



THE END OF ANOTHER BRANCH LINE: THE TRAIN PULLING OUT OF THE STATION FOR THE LAST RUN ON THE "BLUEBELL LINE," BETWEEN EAST GRINSTEAD AND LEWES. After a long dispute the now famous "Bluebell line," between East Grinstead and Lewes, was finally closed on March 15. Reputed to have run at a loss of £33,000 a year, the 17-mile track was first closed in 1955, but had to be re-opened owing to a legal loophole. 870 people travelled on the last train.



THE ADMISSION CEREMONY IN THE LAW SOCIETY'S HALL PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME: MISS J. WALTERS, A NEW SOLICITOR, RECEIVES HER CERTIFICATE FROM THE PRESIDENT. The Admission Ceremony in the Law Society's Hall, Chancery Lane, London, was photographed for the first time on March 13. Above, Miss Joan Walters is receiving her certificate from the President of the Law Society, while in the background are other new solicitors.

A SETBACK TO A MAJOR HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME: THE FLOODS AT KARIBA.



BEFORE THE FLOODS REACHED THEIR MAXIMUM: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EARLY ON MARCH 1 SHOWING THE ADDITION TO THE TOP OF THE COFFER DAM AT KARIBA.

THE Kariba hydro-electric project on the River Zambesi, an important future source of power for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, has twice been endangered by exceptional floods. In 1957, the highest recorded floods up to that time caused a considerable delay in construction work, and in recent weeks, with rises in level of 100 ft., the Zambesi has easily beaten its flood record of the year before. The photographs on this page were taken during the week-end of March 1 to 2, when the floods were at their peak. The road bridge and the only footbridge have been swept away, leaving three Blondin cableways and a long detour by Beit bridge as the only links between the banks in the vicinity. The circular wall of the coffer dam, built to exclude the river while the central part of the main dam was built, was heightened by 12 ft. on the upstream side, but water seeped in at its foundations on the river-bed and finally, as the water level rose, poured over the top. Part of the wall on the downstream side was demolished to relieve the pressure. The swollen torrent of the Zambesi

[Continued below, right.]



THE SCENE AT 5 P.M. ON MARCH 1: FLOOD WATER POURING OVER THE TOP OF THE RAISED UPSTREAM WALL OF THE COFFER DAM.



WHILE THE FLOOD WAS AT ITS HEIGHT: AFRICAN WORKERS STANDING BY PART OF THE WRECKED FOOTBRIDGE WATCH THE RAGING TORRENT.



LOOKING UPSTREAM TOWARDS THE DAM: A STRIKING VIEW OF THE RACING WATERS OF THE ZAMBESI. PART OF THE DOWNSTREAM WALL OF THE COFFER DAM WAS DEMOLISHED TO RELIEVE PRESSURE.



CLAIMED TO BE THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE FOOT SUSPENSION BRIDGE BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION ON MARCH 3: A VIEW SHOWING THE RIVER RAGING ROUND THE COFFER DAM.

[Continued.]

has not only wrought havoc at Kariba, however. Further downstream, where it passes through Mozambique to the coast, large areas have been flooded, and many Africans are reported drowned. As the river was subsiding, the Chairman of the Federal Power Board said on March 11 that although the full extent of the damage could not be estimated then, it was most improbable that the floods had damaged permanent works (the main dam wall and the power station) at the site. However, it remains to be seen whether it will now be possible to complete the Kariba scheme by 1960, when it is due to be opened.

THE BIRTH OF PRINCE RAINIER'S SON AND HEIR: MONACO REJOICES.



SIGNING HER NEWLY-BORN GRANDSON'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE: MRS. KELLY, MOTHER OF PRINCESS GRACE, IN THE PALACE IN MONACO ON MARCH 16.



IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE: A POLICEMAN HOLDING BACK JUBILANT WELL-WISHERS SO AS TO KEEP A SPACE CLEAR FOR CARS GOING TO AND FRO.



THE LITTLE PRINCESS WHO NOW HAS A BROTHER AND IS NO LONGER HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE: PRINCESS CAROLINE, ELDER CHILD OF PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS GRACE, WHO CELEBRATED HER FIRST BIRTHDAY ON JANUARY 23.



IN MONACO: THE OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION OF THE BIRTH OF A SON TO PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS GRACE BEING SHOWN PUBLICLY ON MARCH 14.



APPEARING ON A BALCONY IN RESPONSE TO THE RESOUNDING CHEERS OF THE CROWDS: PRINCE RAINIER WITH HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, CAROLINE, IN HIS ARMS.

ON March 14 Monaco rejoiced at the news that a son had been born to Prince Rainier and Princess Grace. The baby, described as very bonny and said to weigh 8 lb. 12 ozs., was born at 10.48 a.m. and is to be christened Albert Alexander Louis Peter. The boy, who takes precedence over his sister, Princess Caroline, automatically becomes Crown Prince. Citizens of Monaco, who gathered outside the Royal Palace, received the news of the birth of a Prince with resounding cheers. Prince Rainier, carrying Princess Caroline, appeared on a balcony to acknowledge the ovation. After the Monegasque ceremonial battery had fired a 101-gun salute at noon, Prince Rainier read an announcement over the Monte Carlo radio in which he spoke of his "emotion and very great joy." Flags and flowers soon appeared on buildings, and the following day, March 15, was declared a general holiday for schoolchildren and public servants. On March 16 the infant Prince Albert made his first public appearance at a ceremony in the Palace when his birth was registered.

(Right.)

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF MONACO'S INFANT PRINCE WITH HIS MOTHER: FOUR-DAY-OLD PRINCE ALBERT ALEXANDER LOUIS PETER IN PRINCESS GRACE'S ARMS IN THE ROYAL PALACE IN MONACO.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA DIVORCES HIS CHILDLESS QUEEN.



SEVEN YEARS AGO : THE SHAH OF PERSIA WITH HIS BRIDE, QUEEN SORAYA, ON THEIR WEDDING DAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1951.



MARCH 14, 1958 : THE SCENE IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN TEHERAN DURING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DIVORCE OF THE SHAH AND QUEEN SORAYA.



A ROYAL DIVORCE : THE SHAH OF PERSIA WITH QUEEN SORAYA, WHOM HE HAS DIVORCED "WITH DEEP SORROW" BECAUSE SHE HAS NOT BORNE HIM A SON AND HEIR.



AFTER THE SHAH HAD ANNOUNCED THE END OF HIS MARRIAGE TO HER : QUEEN SORAYA IN COLOGNE WITH HER MOTHER.



DURING A RECENT WINTER-SPORTS HOLIDAY IN ST. MORITZ : TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD QUEEN SORAYA OF PERSIA IN SWITZERLAND.

On March 14 a statement was issued from the Persian Court in Teheran announcing the divorce of the Shah and Queen Soraya. The statement paid tribute to Queen Soraya's devotion and services as Queen and wife during the years of her marriage to the Shah, but said that the Shah was strongly and unanimously advised by the Council of Royal Privy Counsellors, including the Prime Minister, Dr. Egbal, that the heir to the Persian throne must be of direct descent from the Shah. The Shah's announcement that he was divorcing the Queen who had not borne him a child said that he did so with

"deep sorrow." In an official statement on the same day Queen Soraya, who was staying in Cologne with her father, the Persian Ambassador, Mr. Esfandiari, and her mother, said that she accepted the Shah's decision and spoke of her willingness to sacrifice her own happiness and consent to the separation "in the interest of the future of the State and of the welfare of the people in accordance with the desire of his Majesty, the Emperor." The Shah's first marriage, to Princess Fawzieh, sister of King Farouk of Egypt, was dissolved in 1948. There was a daughter, born in 1940, but no heir.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

RAISING AND NAMING AN IRIS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

FIVE years ago, in early March, having some pot-grown specimens of the little bulbous *Iris histrioides* major in flower, I

decided to try the experiment of crossing one of the blossoms with pollen of *Iris reticulata*. But at that time *reticulata*, growing in the open air, was far from being in flower. In fact, its buds were only just beginning to push up among the erect pointed leaves, and had some two or three weeks to go before they could provide the pollen I needed. However, I secured a potful of *reticulatas* in flower from a nursery, where they had been brought on under glass. A pot of *histrioides* and my *reticulatas*, side by side in my unheated Alpine house, made a striking contrast, *histrioides* short and stocky, no more than 3 ins. high, broad in the fall, and brilliant clear blue with a rich gold crest in the throat. It is, I think, the purest, truest blue in all the iris family. *Reticulata*, taller, a good 5 or 6 ins., more slender, and narrower in the fall than *histrioides*, deep rich violet with golden crest in the throat. Unlike *histrioides*, the erect slender leaves of *reticulata* were a trifle taller than the flowers. Officiating at the mystic rites of A.I.—*reticulata* the donor—was a simple matter, and to my delight *histrioides* produced a fine portly pod of seeds, which were sown at once, and which germinated to a man.

Last spring most of the seedlings flowered. The majority of them were dwarf and blue, little different from their seed parent *histrioides*. But two had flowers the colour of *reticulata*, and one of the two in particular had produced an astonishing number of offset bulbs. Until then all had been growing in open ground, but I lifted the two violet seedlings and put them in 6-in. pots which stood all last summer and winter in full sun in the open.

In February this year both the violet-flowered seedlings flowered at the same time as the pure *histrioides*. The one which had produced the largest number of offset bulbs turned out to be by far the better plant of the two, with all the sturdy, stocky dwarfness and the wide, ample falls of *histrioides*, but with the rich violet colour of *reticulata*. The less good one has flowers very near *reticulata* in colour and form, but with the dwarfness and earliness of *histrioides*. At flowering time I was inclined to think that the colour of the finer of the two seedlings was perhaps even richer than the colour of *reticulata*. But I am prepared to find, and to admit when it flowers again next spring, that this impression was only due to the biased first fine careless rapture of the doting hybridist. In any case, if the plant's colour is no more than that of normal *reticulata* it is still a very splendid thing. To sum up, it is in effect *Iris histrioides* major over again, the same dwarfness and earliness, but with rich violet, gold-crested flowers in place of *histrioides*' vivid blue. But I regret to find that my hybrid lacks one most valued attribute of its pollen parent. The flowers have not inherited *reticulata*'s pleasant violent fragrance. They are as scentless as Mother *histrioides* herself.

On February 19 I took my pot of iris (no name at present) up to London to the R.H.S. fortnightly show and put it before the Floral Committee, who awarded it a "Preliminary Commendation." This I take to mean that they would like to see it again, next spring, before, perhaps, giving it an "Award of Merit," and I am well content with that decision.

Back in my garden after its excursion to London the pot was put back where it had lived for the past year, and for some days it was a truly lovely sight. Then it was struck by a fiendish blizzard, though before the worst came the flowers were fortunately blanketed under several inches of snow. When eventually the thaw came, the flowers were standing perky and erect, undaunted by the spell of hideous climatic ruderies which had assailed it, and *histrioides* near by was in equally good shape.

Now I am faced with the difficult problem of finding a name for my new hybrid iris. By a strange coincidence there arrived by post a few days ago a well-produced brochure which I imagined might help me in this matter of naming my plant. The title of this opus is "International Code of Nomenclature for Cultivated

Plants.' Formulated and adopted by The International Commission for the Nomenclature of Cultivated Plants of the International Union of Biological Sciences. Edited by the Editorial Committee of the Commission. Published with financial support of I.U.B.S. by the International Bureau for Plant Taxonomy and Nomenclature of



THE "MOTHER IRIS" OF MR. ELLIOTT'S NEW HYBRID: *IRIS HISTRIOIDES MAJOR*.



... AND THE CONTRASTED POLLEN PARENT: *IRIS RETICULATA*.

the International Association for Plant Taxonomy." All that assortment of tender syllables appears upon the front cover of the brochure, and again as title page within.

On the next page I read "1958. The International Union of Biological Sciences of Utrecht. No part of this Code, including translations and special versions, may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher, except when quoting Articles of the Code in reviews." So, to be on the safe side, I will say no more. The brochure runs to twenty-eight pages. I have studied it, and came to the conclusion that it is not for a common or garden gardener like myself. The Continental Bradshaw has nothing on it for simple limpid lucidity. Let me quote from page 14, Article 18: "Transfer of Cultivar (variety) names. The cultivar (variety) name must remain unchanged when the scientific name is changed (for example, by union or division of genera or by adoption of an earlier name), unless the same cultivar (variety) name is already in use in the new position for a different cultivar (variety)." *Je vous demande!* And by the by, I hope the above quotation may be considered as "quoting Articles of the Code—or in a review." What I want, personally, is a natty little pamphlet, "How to name garden plants correctly." Something which my simple mind could grasp—more or less. Meanwhile, I think I will perhaps christen my new hybrid iris "Plain Jane"—and risk it.

Another matter. At the last R.H.S. Show I was greatly impressed by a magnificent variety (please not "cultivar") of Christmas rose called "Potter's Wheel." It was shown by Miss Davenport-Jones and received an Award of Merit. I ordered three plants of it, and they arrived promptly and are now planted here. Individual flowers measure 4 ins. across. Flowers on my well-established Christmas roses measure only 3 ins. An extra inch in the diameter of a flower makes a quite astonishing difference, and the extra inch in "Potter's Wheel" puts it in a class by itself for sheer magnificence.



"THE EXTRA INCH... PUTS IT IN A CLASS BY ITSELF": A NEW VARIETY OF CHRISTMAS ROSE CALLED "POTTER'S WHEEL," WHICH WAS RECENTLY HONoured WITH AN AWARD OF MERIT.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers outside the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



PIANIST AND BAND LEADER : THE LATE MR. CHARLIE KUNZ.
Mr. Charlie Kunz, the pianist and band leader whose signature tune, "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie," was known to millions of listeners to B.B.C. programmes, died on March 16, aged 61. Born in the U.S., he came to London in 1922 for an eight-week engagement and liked this country so much that he decided to stay. In 1953 he was afflicted with arthritis in his fingers

PRESIDENT OF QUEENS' COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: THE LATE MR. VENN.
Mr. John Archibald Venn, President of Queens' College, Cambridge, since 1932, died on March 15, aged 74. Son of Dr. John Venn, Senior Fellow of Caius College, he was educated at Eastbourne College and Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1921-49 he was University (Gilbey) Lecturer in the History and Economics of Agriculture, and was Vice-Chancellor, 1941-43.

A SUCCESSFUL PUBLISHER : THE LATE MR. MICHAEL JOSEPH.
Mr. Michael Joseph, founder, Chairman and Managing Director of the publishing firm which bears his name, died in London on March 15, aged sixty. He had written a number of books before he became a director of Curtis Brown, Ltd., in 1926. In 1935 he founded Michael Joseph's, which, under his leadership, soon gained an important place among English publishing firms.

A BUCKINGHAM PALACE APPOINTMENT: MR. ESMOND BUTLER.
Mr. Esmond Butler, who is at present Assistant to the Secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, has been appointed Assistant Press-Secretary to the Queen, it was announced on March 13. Mr. Butler, who is thirty-five, will also assist in planning the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Canada in 1959. He will be coming to London shortly.

DESIGNATED MASTER OF CLARE : SIR ERIC ASHBY.
The Fellows of Clare College, Cambridge, have announced their intention of electing Sir Eric Ashby to the Mastership of the College on the retirement of the present Master, Sir Henry Thirkill, on September 30 next. Sir Eric Ashby, who has been Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's University, Belfast, since 1950, was elected into a fellowship of the college on March 13.



(Left.) **LABOUR VICTOR AT KELVINGROVE : MRS. MARY McALISTER.**
Mrs. McAlister, the Labour candidate in the by-election at Kelvingrove (where polling took place on March 13), won the seat from the Conservatives with a majority of 1360 over the Conservative, Mrs. Elliot, widow of the former member, Mr. Walter Elliot. The Liberal Home Rule and I.L.P. candidates lost their deposits.



(Right.) **THE BRITISH CURTIS CUP CAPTAIN : MISS D. FERGUSON.**
Miss Daisy Ferguson, who is the President of the Irish Golf Union, has been chosen to be the captain of the British Curtis Cup side which is to go to the United States in July. Miss Ferguson is an Irish international player, and plays at the New-castle, County Down, Club. The last contest, in 1956, was won by Britain by 5-4.



(Right.) **A SWEDISH ROYAL DEATH: PRINCESS INGEBORG.**
Princess Ingeborg of Sweden died in Stockholm at the age of 79 on the night of March 11-12. She was the widow of Prince Carl, a brother of the late King Gustav V of Sweden. Prince Carl died in 1951. They had a son and three daughters, the surviving daughter being Margareta, wife of Prince Axel of Denmark.



(Left.) **AN INDONESIAN GOVT. COMMANDER : BRIG. JATIKUSUMO.**
A spokesman of the Indonesian diplomatic agency at The Hague said, on March 12, that Brigadier Jatikusumo was the commander of the force operating against the Indonesian rebels in Central Sumatra. Brigadier Jatikusumo was trained at the Dutch military academy at Breda before the Second World War.



A WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT-PAINTER : THE LATE MR. MAURICE CODNER.
Mr. Maurice Codner, the portrait painter, died on March 10, aged 69. He was a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters and had been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy since 1928. Among those who sat to him were King George VI, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, and the actor, Sir Seymour Hicks.



THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS MATCH AT THE WHITE CITY ON MARCH 22 : THE TWO CAPTAINS
—M. JENKINS, OXFORD, LEFT, AND D. THORNTON.
The University athletics match is to be held at the White City to-day, March 22. The captain of the Oxford team is Michael Jenkins (Gordonstoun and Exeter College), and David Thornton (Skipton Grammar School and Christ's College) will captain the Cambridge side.



A LEADING FIGURE IN SHIPPING : THE LATE LORD ROTHERWICK.
Lord Rotherwick, who died on March 17 at the age of 76, was for many years a dominating figure in British shipping circles. He was Chairman of the British and Commonwealth Shipping Line. As Mr. (and later Sir) Herbert Cayzer he was for 21 years Conservative M.P. for Portsmouth South. He had also been a distinguished soldier and sportsman.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ALTHOUGH Ireland is separated from Britain (*i.e.*, England and Wales, and Scotland) by no more than a narrow sea, there are marked differences in the plants and animals of the two islands. Lesser, but still significant, differences are found between the faunas of the mainland of Britain and some of the very much smaller islands adjacent to its coasts. Over and above this is the fact that so many of the familiar animals which appear to range from the British Isles across the Continent of Europe are represented in the British Isles by subspecies of the Continental forms. On its broadest canvas the picture tells the story of some of the changes that have taken place over the last 10,000 years or so, from the time when the British Isles were still part of the mainland of Europe. In several species, this story has been worked out in fair detail by piecing together the information obtained from fossil remains and the results of examining animals living to-day. One of these is the bank vole.

Voles belong to the rodent family Cricetidae, which is characterised by the possession of small ears and eyes and relatively short tails, as compared with the mice and rats which comprise the family Muridae. Thus, although the bank vole is superficially mouse-like, it can be readily recognised by the ears partially buried in the fur, the smaller eyes and the shorter tail, as well as by differences in behaviour. Bank voles are reddish-brown above and buff or greyish-white on the under-surface. Their diet is largely, although not wholly, grass; and while capable of climbing, they are given to keeping on the ground more than the true mice.

The species known to us as bank vole is represented in Europe by a number of subspecies, in addition to those found in the British Isles. These subspecies fall naturally into two groups. For the sake of convenience we may speak of the two groups as the younger and the older. Members of the first are more active and vigorous than those of the second, the differences between them being reminiscent of youth and old age. The same idea is suggested by a study of the fossil remains, as well as the present-day distribution. These lead us to suppose that the older subspecies was the first to spread westwards across Europe, and was followed by the second, both reaching Britain before it was severed from the Continent. On the other hand, Ireland had already become cut off, so that no bank vole in any form reached it.

The younger subspecies spreading across Europe, at a later date, everywhere ousted the older subspecies, where the two shared a common habitat. As always happens where a more vigorous immigrant overruns a territory, the original occupants seek refuge in out-of-the-way places as, for example, on islands or mountain-tops. In Britain, the younger subspecies also arrived before the final severance from the Continent. That it did, in fact, come later is shown by the finding of fossil remains of the less vigorous subspecies in earlier Pleistocene deposits, while what we have called the younger subspecies occurs only in the late Pleistocene. To-day, representatives of the older group are found on

BANK VOLES AND OTHERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

the islands of Mull, Skomer and Raasay, and others adjacent to them, and no representatives of it are found on the mainland, even on the mountains. Moreover, we have the significant fact that they are not to be found on the islands of Bute, Anglesey and Wight, whose separation from the mainland was more recent. So that even as the British Isles, in their present form, were taking

subject for controversy. For our present purpose the following analogy will be sufficient. Namely, if we could speak of a species Englishman, then we might regard those of the North Country, the Midlands, East Anglia, and so on, as representing subspecies. In days past, when communications were less easy, the people of the North Country, the Midlands, East Anglia, and the rest were more segregated and tended to retain characteristics of dialect, customs and general behaviour. In these days, with the greater ease of travelling and the mixture of peoples, especially in marriage, such distinctions tend to break down. Peoples living on islands, or in communities well-separated and with little social or marital mixing, retain their characteristics even more sharply.

These same principles can be applied, with special qualifications, to communities of animals. In this present instance, we find that the bank voles of the island of Ramsey, off the coast of Wales, are much more nearly like those of the mainland, so that they are not regarded as a separate subspecies. Ramsey Island is close to the main Welsh coast and was probably part of it until comparatively recent times. Even so, the bank voles there are, on the whole, smaller and of a duller colour, than those of the mainland of Britain. Isolation is already beginning to have its effect.

To the south of Ramsey is the island of Skomer, which appears to have been cut off from the mainland earlier, and here lives the Skomer vole. This belongs to the older group, which presumably reached it just before it was cut off, and in time to prevent the younger, more vigorous subspecies reaching it. To the west of Skomer is the island of Skokholm, and further out to sea, in the direction of the Irish coast, is the island of Grassholm. Neither of these has any voles, but whether it was that none reached them before being cut off by the sea, or whether such as reached them have since died out, is a moot point, and does not materially affect the picture. The important thing is that the Skomer vole differs in colour from the bank vole of the mainland. It is lighter and more brightly coloured. It differs also in behaviour. When taken in the hand it is quiet and makes no attempt to bite, and little attempt at escape, as befits a member of the older, less vigorous group. A bank vole, on the other hand, will try to bite and will escape at the first opportunity.

Other representatives of this older group of voles that spread into the British Isles, to be replaced by the more vigorous and "younger" subspecies,

are to be found on two islands off the west coast of Scotland. The first of these islands is Mull, the second is the island of Raasay, one of the group of the Inner Hebrides. Each has its distinctive vole, the Mull vole and Raasay vole respectively. The two voles are very alike, and both are about a fifth as long again as the mainland bank voles and about twice as heavy. Moreover, both are very like some of the voles on the mountains of the Continent of Europe.



ALTHOUGH SUPERFICIALLY MOUSE-LIKE, IT CAN BE READILY RECOGNISED BY THE EARS PARTIALLY BURIED IN THE FUR, THE SMALLER EYES, THE SHORTER TAIL AND THE BLUNT MUZZLE: THE BANK VOLE (*CLETHRIONOMYS GLAREOLUS BRITANNICUS*).



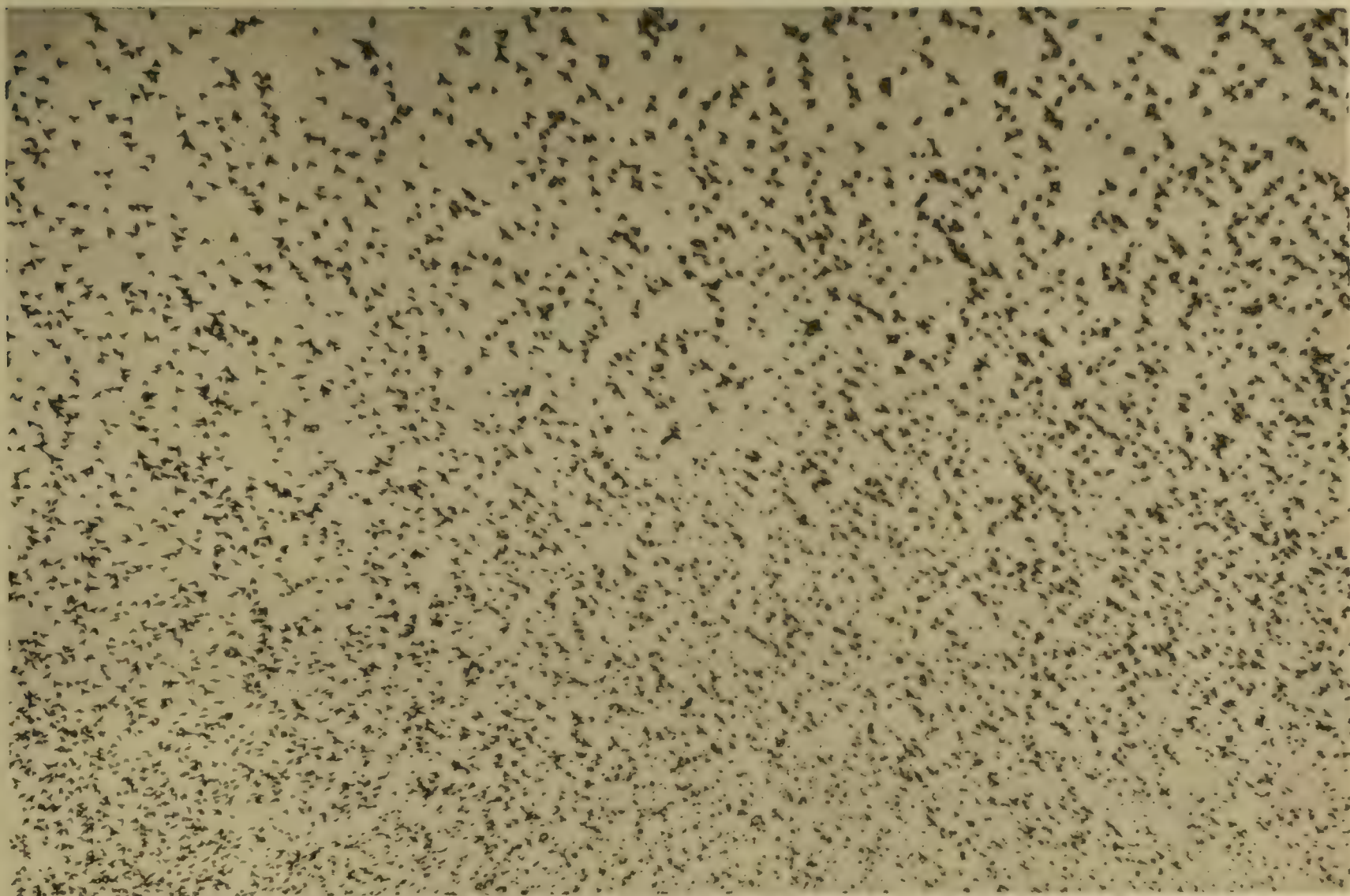
CAPABLE OF CLIMBING BUT GIVEN TO KEEPING ON THE GROUND MORE THAN THE TRUE MICE: THE BANK VOLE, WHICH LIVES LARGELY, THOUGH NOT WHOLLY, ON A DIET OF GRASS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

shape the conflict between the two kinds of bank voles was in full swing, with the older, less vigorous stock retreating to islands, where security was obtained provided their more vigorous fellows did not, or could not, arrive before the invading sea put up a barrier between them.

Although biologists have a sufficiently practical idea of the meaning of the word "species," no fully satisfactory definition of it has yet been given. The case of a subspecies is even more a

INVADERS OF WINDSOR GREAT PARK: INNUMERABLE NOISY STARLINGS.



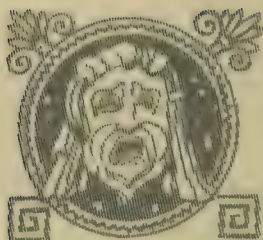
AS THE STARLINGS PASS OVERHEAD: A VIEW OF THE FLOCK, WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE VAST NUMBER OF BIRDS INVOLVED.



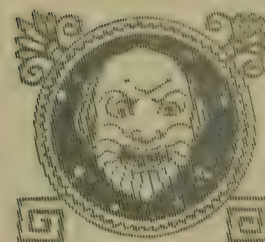
DARKENING THE EVENING SKY: SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF STARLINGS WHICH INVADE THE GREAT PARK AT WINDSOR.

Every evening at sunset the peaceful tranquillity of a corner of the Great Park at Windsor is disturbed by the arrival of hundreds of thousands of starlings which fly in from the surrounding countryside to roost in a clump of fir trees. This nightly invasion has been frequently observed by Mr. K. W. Morris, of Old Windsor, who took the photographs reproduced on this page. Mr. Morris writes: "Starling etiquette apparently demands that no bird shall fly directly to the roosting place but must first join in the pre-bedtime revels which are conducted as follows. Early arrivals, all very noisy and excited, will perhaps congregate in a tall elm. As soon as another flock is

sighted the noise in the tree rises sharply, almost like a shriek of welcome, as the newcomers fly into the branches at what seems a suicidal speed. After a few minutes the original 'treeful' of birds plus the new arrivals rise into the air, wheel around for a few minutes and then descend on to yet another overcrowded site. This process is repeated until, just before roosting time, flocks of the size shown in the photographs are darkening the sky." Quiet only descends when the light has faded. Mr. Morris adds that this well-established roost in the Great Park was noted by Clarke Kennedy in his "Birds of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire" in 1868.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



DANCES OF DEATH

By ALAN DENT.

THE sombre note is struck at once with "The Seventh Seal," a remarkable film from Sweden, made by Ingmar Bergman. This is a Gothic fantasy in which a Knight, returning to Sweden after ten years' crusading in the Holy Land, meets a cadaverous black-cloaked figure on the seashore who chillily announces himself to be Death in person. The Knight, not quite ready to submit, suggests a game of chess on the lonely strand—a loneliness emphasised by the presence of two black horses which can symbolise anything you care to fancy. The chess game is a mere business of temporising since Death is bound to win in the end. But between moves, as it were, we get glimpses of an involved story concerning, amongst other characters, the cynical and sceptical Squire, the Knight's attendant, and a young travelling circus-performer with his loving wife and baby. This young man sees visions holy and unholy, and no one—not even his little family—believes in these excepting himself.

Every now and then, by way of heavy relief, you view a ghastly procession, in the style of Bosch or Breughel, of peasants carrying a crucifix and pursued by flagellants. The Black Plague is busy everywhere. Ominous clouds clutter the skies, and one of them—just in case you should be comforting yourself with the notion that this is all mediæval moonshine and eclipse, with no kind of modern applicability—has a shape not unlike that of a mushroom. The young seer's final vision is that of a string of seven or eight characters on a distant hill silhouetted against the sky in a mad dance of death. The thing has power, undoubtedly.

There is another strange dance of death at the climax of "The Silent Enemy" (written and directed by William Fairchild) which is a British film made out of the distinguished career, mysteriously cut short, of Commander Lionel Crabb, the super-frogman. A plane has just crashed in Gibraltar Harbour (in the busiest phase of the last war) and the all-important brief-case of a Polish

brilliantly indicative of the human nature behind the heroism, and this young officer's relations with his men are no less well conveyed in intensely

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



ANNA MAGNANI AS GIOIA IN PARAMOUNT'S "WILD IS THE WIND." (LONDON PREMIERE: GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, FEBRUARY 28.)

In selecting this Italian actress Alan Dent writes: "Anna Magnani brings far more sheer passion to the screen than any other actress has done for a very long time. She is essentially and intensely the Italian peasant-woman, scornful of make-up, powerful of voice, uninhibited in her ways of communicating her deeply-felt emotions. She is a kind of poor man's Duse, and she makes more than might be thought possible of her very congenial part in 'Wild is the Wind,' where she is a Nevada sheep-farmer's second wife, newly brought from Italy to replace her dead sister."

McCowan, Ian Whittaker, and Nigel Stock. It is very much less easy to determine what Miss Dawn Addams is doing in this galley. When this young lady tripped up to Crabb—breathlessly and dangerously engaged in dismantling a mine—and said:—"The Admiral would like you to come to lunch!" I was so suddenly deprived of excitement and suspense that I said out loud:—"Oh, do go away!" and got surprised looks on every side of me.

Some criticism has been levelled at this film to the effect that some of it is fiction. The same sort of thing has been said about "Carve Her Name With Pride," another meritorious and moving film built on the heroic wartime career of Violette Szabo, the Franco-British girl whose leading ambition was to become a hairdresser, but who was chosen to help in the reorganisation of a shattered Resistance group in France in 1940. Lewis Gilbert and Vernon Harris, responsible for screen-play and direction, seem to me to give us enough of the truth and have certainly not shirked Violette's cruel death at the end. For the world knows—or should know—that Violette Szabo's George Cross was posthumously handed to her little daughter. Virginia McKenna plays her with spirit and ardour, and with her firm and pretty chin held high to the very end. Those critics who complain about the admixture of some fiction may like to know that I overheard one old lady saying to another outside the cinema where they were examining the posters:—"This one is all about Odette, you know, but one of the critics says she was quite different in real life!"

A fortnight ago I intimated how enjoyable I found "Wild is the Wind," vividly directed by George Cukor and still more vividly acted by Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Franciosa among the wild horses and not very tame sheep of Nevada. It is to be enjoyed—as indeed the Crabb film and the Violette Szabo film are to be enjoyed—because it and they deal with human



"A REMARKABLE FILM FROM SWEDEN, MADE BY INGMAR BERGMAN": "THE SEVENTH SEAL"—A SCENE IN WHICH A BAND OF FLAGELLANTS ENTER THE VILLAGE CALLING UPON THE PEOPLE TO REPENT. (LONDON PREMIERE: ACADEMY CINEMA, MARCH 7.)

General who has just perished is lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Crabb and his squad dive in to fetch it. They gleam and wriggle in white, under-water. But some inimical Italians have had the same notion simultaneously. They writhe and wriggle in black, with nothing gleaming except the white of their knives. The fight to the death is like a ballet of frantic and desperate fish, and there is no feeling of fake-contrivance about it.

Crabb—a bearded, unorthodox, inscrutable character—is quite admirably played by that almost unrecognisably improved young actor, Laurence Harvey. His little touches of tiredness, an occasional weariness about the eyes, are

natural and unheroic dialogue. These "matlows," too, are drawn with the breeziest

naturalism by Sidney James, Michael Craig, Alec



"A MOVING FILM BUILT ON THE WARTIME CAREER OF VIOLETTE SZABO, G.C.": RANK'S "CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE"—IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP THREE BRITISH AGENTS (L. TO R.), VIOLETTE SZABO (VIRGINIA MCKENNA), LILLIAN ROLFE (ANNE LEON), AND DENISE BLOCH (NICOLE STEPHANE), HEAR THAT THEY ARE ABOUT TO BE SHOT. (LONDON PREMIERE: LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, FEBRUARY 20.)

beings in emotional upset, in daring, in danger, and in distress.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE BRAVE ONE" (Generally Released: March 10).—A tale of cock and bull, but especially of the latter since the setting is the Spanish bull-ring. There is no visual horror, and there is a very arresting performance by a small boy, Michel Ray.

"BLUE MURDER AT ST. TRINIAN'S" (Generally Released: March 10).—Joyce Grenfell distractedly school-mistressing it over a riot of schoolgirls who are surely far too pretty for Ronald Searle's purpose? Fun all the same.

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES" (Generally Released: March 17).—Faithful and picturesque Dickens, with Dirk Bogarde doing as good a thing as he has ever done with Sydney Carton.

The weakness of "The Seventh Seal" is that it has hardly any humanity in it at all, only cold and absolute symbols. The one character to whom I warmed slightly was the sceptical Squire, especially when he said that he enjoyed "the triumph of being alive" and intended to enjoy it to the very end. The Academy Cinema, as if applauding this sentiment, immediately followed its showing of the ghastly film with a glowing recording of the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven—exultant, exuberant, fresh as the west wind and in the wholesome key of F major.

THE PAINTED HALL AT
GREENWICH RE-CREATED:
WREN'S AND THORNHILL'S
MASTERPIECE BUILT AS A
FILM SET AT ELSTREE.

AN important scene in Warner Bros.' forthcoming film, "Indiscreet"—a comedy about London filmed in London—takes place in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital, now the Royal Naval College. This wonderful Hall was designed by Sir Christopher Wren and the ceiling and murals were painted by Sir James Thornhill in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Although the naval authorities were willing to allow the scene to be shot in the Painted Hall, it was found that the scaffolding and equipment being used in the current restoration of the ceiling could not be moved. Thus it was decided to build a full-size re-creation of the Painted Hall at Elstree. The Art Director in charge was Don Ashton (who also worked on "The Bridge on the River Kwai"), and the scenic artist was Simpson Robinson, who, with his assistants, completed the copy of Thornhill's mural at the end of the Hall in three weeks. "Indiscreet," which is produced and directed by Stanley Donen and stars Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman, will be seen in London in the summer. It is based on the stage play, "Kind Sir," by Norman Krasna.

(Right.)
AT WORK ON COPYING SIR JAMES THORNHILL'S MURAL OF GEORGE I WITH HIS FAMILY FROM THE PAINTED HALL: SCENIC ARTIST SIMPSON ROBINSON AND HIS ASSISTANTS IN THE ASSOCIATED BRITISH ELSTREE STUDIOS.



AS IT IS SEEN IN THE BALL SCENE FROM WARNER BROS.' FILM, "INDISCREET": THE STUDIO RE-CREATION OF THE FAMOUS PAINTED HALL AT GREENWICH.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"ALL are gone, the old familiar faces." By no means; we need not mourn. Before long they will be back with us: Helen of Troy and Achilles and Hector; the mock-parson, the comic hotel guest, the funny Colonel. If the combination sounds eccentric, forgive me: the characters are from two different plays. I have met them (in their latest incarnations) within a week of each other, at provincial theatres. One play will have opened in the West End of London by the time this appears. The other, and by far the better, may reach London one day, though here we have to wait for news. Each production offered a night with some familiar faces of the theatre, and once or twice, disloyally, I could have wished that we had other companions.

Still, much the more important of the pair, "Paris Not So Gay," is by Peter Ustinov, in itself a recommendation (though the title is not). The Oxford Playhouse company, under the direction of Frank Hauser, acted it in the best of spirits. Its scenes are Sparta and Troy. We are back in the same old war, though Ustinov has managed—as we had hoped—to find something new, something agreeably irreverent, and to spare us too much dolour at jokes about those old, familiar faces. Even so, I am enough of a romantic to think of Greece and Troy in the older, the out-moded, heroic vein. It is a pity that, for a time, no dramatist will be brave enough to get away from the mocking mood; I doubt whether the average audience would permit the escape. That great monosyllable of Troy is not what it was:

Only a name is ours, a
forlorn fame,
Repeat its royal name:
Troy, once in thunder
born;
Over the waste proclaim
Troy of the towers,
The tall, tall towers.

From recent years in London I think of "The Private Life of Helen" where we are back in Sparta after the Trojan War has ended, and the far more serious "Tiger at the Gates," translated superbly by Christopher Fry from Jean Giraudoux's "La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu" (1935) in which the world, as yet, is uneasily at peace. I said, when reviewing this nearly three years ago, that I like to imagine Troy as a great name beyond the sunset, not a place that must be used inevitably for modern satire, topical irony, a shell for a dramatist to decorate. But, on its own level, the play is a haunting, bitter invention. "The Private Life of Helen," the comedy André Roussin and Madeleine Gray took from John Erskine's novel, was a slick little comedy, a joke at the expense of Greek tragedy, in which not much happened "on" and everything imaginable "off."

In both of these plays the dramatists took a decided view of Helen. By now, alas, I am finding it hard to greet Beauty's paragon seriously. When last I heard Faustus crying "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?", my mind pulled away from the splendour of Marlovian verse to recall, say, Offenbach's Helen, bored and longing for a change; Diana Wynyard as the Roussin Helen who, though the war is over, has not yet had her day; Giraudoux's cold, heartless minx, the "wall of negation"; and, of course, the Shakespearean Helen of "Troilus and Cressida," as Wendy Hiller acted her in that Guthrie frolic at the Old Vic, a figure at her grand piano, looking like something from Daly's round about 1912.

Now, to these ideas of "heaven-born Helen, Sparta's queen," I shall have to add the Ustinov Helen, who is a bored beauty, later a beauty in decline, and always amiably foolish. Menelaos says to her at curtain-rise: "You are without doubt the most stupid person in the world." And



"WE ARE BACK IN THE SAME OLD WAR, THOUGH USTINOV HAS MANAGED... TO FIND SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING AGREEABLY IRREVERENT": "PARIS NOT SO GAY" (OXFORD PLAYHOUSE), SHOWING A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) HECUBA (WINIFRED EVANS), HELEN (ELIZABETH SELLARS) AND PRIAM (ROBERT BERNAL).



"THE OXFORD PLAYHOUSE COMPANY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF FRANK HAUSER, ACTED IT IN THE BEST OF SPIRITS": PETER USTINOV'S PLAY "PARIS NOT SO GAY," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT III. On March 4 the Oxford Playhouse company gave the world première of Peter Ustinov's "Paris Not So Gay," described by the author as "A Pæan to the indispensable folly of the world." This scene, from Act III, shows (l. to r.) Priam (Robert Bernal); Nestor (Michael Simpson); Hector (Michael Poole); Andromache (Pat Keen); Odysseus (Richard Butler); Agamemnon (Ronald Leigh-Hunt); Menelaos (John Stratton); Helen (Elizabeth Sellars); Hecuba (Winifred Evans); Thersites (Maxwell Shaw); Achilles (Joss Ackland); Laocoön (Ian Curteis); Io (Ruth Myers); Antenor (Christopher Hancock). (Photographs by Kenny Parker).

all Helen can say, with benign acceptance, is "I know." Ustinov's comedy takes its cue from that. He can be serious about war, but most of all he enjoys laughing at the heroes—no one really escapes except Thersites, whom the author salutes as a fellow-satirist—and he makes it clear that the

war would have been fought, anyway. Helen is a good excuse; but war starts with "a dangerous mixture of excess energy and boredom in the wrong people." Giraudoux, we remember, said in effect that it might just as well be a fight for Argive Helen as a war for war's sake. Alas! for Helen, for the wanton summer queen! Dust hath closed Helen's eye; but still she suffers through the years, and will have more to suffer yet. Her name must always light a torch in the imagination—and there must usually be a dramatist to see that the torch has a satirical splutter.

Elizabeth Sellars, at Oxford, acted with an amusing "dead-pan" humour and delightful loyalty to her author. We had, too, appreciative fun from John Stratton, who doubled the dull husbands, Menelaos and Paris (Helen is equally faithful to each of them, and quite naturally); Joss Ackland as Achilles, scarcely "the great Achilles whom we knew" but certainly a recognisable stage version; and Maxwell Shaw as the inventively cynical Thersites, knowing how wars can end as well as how they can begin. Ustinov has written wittier, sharper plays; but he has made much more of his night out with the heroes and Helen than most dramatists would have done. Undeniably he is more contented in Sparta and Troy than he was in the French Revolution play of "The Empty Chair" (another piece that has not reached London).

Now for the mock-parson, the comic hotel guest, the funny Colonel. Who are these? We find them in "Simple Spymen," a farce by John Chapman at the Whitehall Theatre, which aims with misguided enthusiasm at a laugh in every line. The first situation is useful enough. A pair of street musicians—a Cockney busker and a Yorkshireman—find themselves suddenly in the War Office, enrolled as secret agents. But there can be farces that are too silly for laughter. When I saw "Simple Spymen" on tour, I remained a cold, lonely islet beset on all sides by a blare of merriment. I was sorry not to join in, but a sense of humour is something to argue about all night without getting far. Analyses of laughter are generally just dull. It must be every man for himself. One remembers A. B. Walkley's confession: "Heretical though it may be, I will venture the opinion that there is apt to be boredom in the acted Falstaff. But Falstaff is one of our greatest masterpieces of wit and humour and human character? Yes, to read, to imagine in one's mind's eye, to turn over on one's tongue; but on the stage, his eternal paunch gets in the way."

I am not comparing anybody in "Simple Spymen" with Falstaff, and I am afraid that the text of Mr. Chapman's play would not offer any compensations. I mention Walkley solely because what is bliss to one, can be boredom to another. Many people may find "Simple Spymen" blissful, expert, inventive. I find it glib, cheap, elementary. It is the kind of piece in which, when a man says he is "pushing off," an affected woman guest cries: "Not the Pouishnoff!", and in which a mock-parson, hearing revolver-shots outside, says: "I think I'm being cannon-ised." The acting is very nimble, with a vast amount of "business": an evening, in short, of the familiar faces of farce. Hastily, let me leave it there.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "KING JOHN" (Arts, Cambridge).—Marlowe Society revival; more later. (March 10.)
- "LITTLE EYOLF" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Ibsen's seldom-revived drama. (March 11.)
- "THE KIDDERS" (St. Martin's).—Revival of play by Donald Ogden Stewart, done recently at the Arts. (March 18.)
- "SIMPLE SPYMEN" (Whitehall).—Farce by John Chapman. (March 19.)
- "BETH" (Apollo).—Emlyn Williams's new play. (March 20.)

NOW GAINING POPULARITY IN BRITAIN: THE GAME OF VOLLEYBALL.



DURING A VOLLEYBALL MATCH BETWEEN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION AND POGON—A POLISH TEAM FROM BIRMINGHAM: A POGON PLAYER ABOUT TO SMASH.



PLAYING VOLLEYBALL AS PART OF THEIR TRAINING: FOUR BRITISH ATHLETES—(L. TO R.) SYLVIA CHEESEMAN, JEAN SCRIVENS, DOROTHY TYLER AND DON ANTHONY.



A UNIVERSITY PLAYER (RIGHT) JUMPING UP TO BLOCK A SMASH FROM A POGON PLAYER: ANOTHER SHOT OF THE MATCH BETWEEN POGON AND THE LONDON TEAM.



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AN EFFECTIVE ANSWER TO THE SMASH: THE "BLOCK" IN WHICH TWO PLAYERS CO-OPERATE TO RETURN THE BALL ACROSS THE NET.

Although it has long been popular in many countries, especially in America, where it was conceived some sixty years ago, the game of volleyball has only recently begun to be played seriously in this country. While a number of the British teams consist largely of foreigners, it is now played actively at all London Fire Brigade stations, and an Amateur Volleyball Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland has been formed. Volleyball's American inventor was reputedly "inspired by the need for a means of recreation by business men for whom basketball was too vigorous." Now described by an American source as "second only to golf as the leading participant sport in the world," volleyball has lately attained Olympic status. The game is played by two teams of six (as substitution is allowed, a side can consist of a maximum of twelve players) on a court 60 ft. long and

30 ft. wide, divided by a 3-ft.-wide net, the top of which is 8 ft. from the ground at the centre. The leather ball is about an inch less in diameter and half the weight of that used in Association football. The object of the game is to ground the ball in the opponent's court. The first side to win at least a two-point lead with a minimum of 15 points has won the set. The players line up in their controlled positions, and play begins when the "right back" of the serving side has served the ball across the net. It must be returned by the opposing team without touching the ground or being struck more than three times, and the rally continues until the ball is grounded or another fault has occurred. If the serving side wins the rally, they score a point; if they lose, the receiving side gains the service. Each player serves in turn, as the team about to start serving rotates one place clockwise.

The action sequences are from a film by Scottish Instructional Films.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

THIS is a very agreeable week, in a small way. And it begins with a minor classic, or at least a jewel of a little story. The trouble with childhood memories, fetching as they are, is their tendency to run in a groove; but "The Lost Sea," by Jan de Hartog (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), has no precedent and will never be done again. What its child recalls is the Zuider Zee, thick with herring and encompassed by fishing villages—not only a lost sea but a lost world.

To us ten-year-olds this world was peopled with giants who never seemed to notice us at all. When we were playing on the quay our game was constantly interrupted by huge barrels crashing down from the ships on to the cobbles, scattering us as if we were sparrows. When we were playing at marbles on the pavement, and so absorbed in our game that we had momentarily lost our sparrow's alertness, we would suddenly duck with terror as one of the giants stepped right over us on his way to his ship.

They also played at being big, aping the giants' swagger, till "a true giant would round the corner like a jammer turning in the wind." Then they were sparrows again, scattering in their clogs with a noise of hail. And they played at sea-fights—roaring encounters in the dawn with the ancient enemy, the Catholic "pirates" of Volendam. That was life; and every small boy in Huizen wanted to be the Black Skipper, a "blue-eyed giant of incredible age with gold rings in his ears," because the Black Skipper always won.

At school, growing up was said to be gradual. But the aspirants knew better; it could be the work of a "magic moment" between the ages of ten and twelve. For every "botter" sailing the Zuider Zee had two "secret people": a cat and a little boy. The monster cats showed themselves in port; the children, being illicit, had to be kept hidden, and were called "sea mice." Nobody knew how mice were picked, or what "miracle" had befallen the sparrow who could be seen no more after the next vacancy. But the narrator was to find out; at ten years old—glory of glories!—he became sea-mouse to the Black Skipper. Simply, he was handy for kidnapping; and so he woke up in the real world. As background, it had a black sail towering into the sky; the sea was invisible to the little mouse. His nights and days were unspeakable, yet full of marvels. Then he got acclimatised; and then, one yellow dawn, he suffered a revelation and change of heart. . . . The story is neat as well as glowing; and both squalor and romance are truly childlike and fabulous.

OTHER FICTION.

"Five Men and a Swan," by Naomi Mitchison (Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.), lacks this gem-like quality, whether as a whole or in detail. It is a collection of Scottish tales and verse. The tales cover a wide span, starting with a thrall of Aud the Deep-Minded and working right up to the minute: though with a jump from the seventeenth century to the present day. Some of the first group are pretty feeble as stories, and get by on the display of manners and idiom. And on two occasions when there is drama, it is the same again: the long-drawn, suspenseful pardon of a clansman who has raped a young girl. Somehow, I found this no less embarrassing for the extreme delicacy of treatment. Things are much brighter on the modern side, and perhaps best of all in the title-story—a romantic comedy about the swan-wife of legend and the crew of a Highland fishing-boat. The short tale of a fairy's warning has a similar charm. And there are other good ones; and they are all worth reading as documentaries. One can see that the author is well up in conditions, and knows the language; one may even think it too obvious.

"Children Under Arms," by Shirley Murrell (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is a "period" novel, modest and romantic, yet with a difference. It opens at Cabul in 1841, when Miss Baby Lindley, the Captain's daughter, is seven, and William Ryan ten. Though his father is only a sergeant, there is nothing Miss Baby wouldn't do for him; and the sedate William squires her devotedly. Then the British are hounded out of their fool's paradise, down the Khyber Pass. All the Lindleys come through, but William is left an orphan. And "Mrs. Brigadier" takes him up—because his likeness to a certain noble and philanthropic earl ought to be looked into. She is even more right than she supposed; but William never asserts his claim, and though the children are still devoted as old, old people, there has been no love affair. This flight from the banal goes with an active, though mild distinction.

"My Brother's Killer," by Jeremy York (John Long; 11s. 6d.), is a crook drama. Ritzzy, on his way up from the slums to a Soho restaurant, has been hired to kill. The subject is Thomas Marne, a stockbroker. After a little practice, he brings it off: only to learn next day that he has killed the wrong Marne, and that his classy sweetheart was standing by. So now he has two "perfect murders" ahead. But now everything goes wrong; and while the little thug is being wrought to frenzy, the police and the first subject are closing in. Very taut and effective.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IN twenty years' time," wrote C. H. O'D. Alexander recently, "Electronic brains will probably be beating all of us." He was concluding an article, "Why Russia Rules at Chess," in *The Sunday Times*. Such a statement should be made with reserve, even if well founded. I believe there is no scientific justification for it at all and am perturbed about its possible effect.

That it had no connection with the rest of the article, being thrown in as a distinct *non sequitur*, a facile wind-up, makes it all the more dangerous. A dogmatism preceded by reasoned argument always challenges counter-argument; whereas anything said as casually as this is liable to be taken as generally accepted opinion. Non-chess-players by now well-nurtured on newspaper reports of chess-playing machines will already have mentally docketed it, in their thousands, as fact; potential future adherents will be told with complete conviction "The game is played out, you know!"

Not that chess would "fold up" even in the impossible event of its world champion losing to a machine. A correspondent put it to me neatly once: "People still swim the Channel. . . ." Dr. Fuchs has been knighted for a trip he could have done by plane in much less time. Ovid pretty well codified the science of courtship, I understand, 2000 years ago; but countless generations flounder, happily though incompetently, yet. . . .

My own applied science is too stale for my liking. As my sixth-form eldest son bears down on me with a physics text-book and that familiar, puzzled, enquiring look, I am liable nowadays to show the whites of my eyes.

One principle, however, survives the years. You can't get out of a machine anything more, except in degree, than you put in. Electronics have not changed this one whit, as *The Sunday Times* itself has made clear in recent articles.

You can feed in the multiplication table up to nine times nine and get out 123,456,789 times 987,654,321—because the second sum is only an extension, however remote, of the first. Your machine can select between A and B, but only by rules you lay down for it.

By what rules do you select one chess move from another?

Because one leads more quickly to mate? Not one position in a thousand offers any forced mate. Where there is a forced mate in a few moves, a machine might be constructed to find it. Conceivably a machine might be made, capable of solving any "mate in three" problem (but certainly not in twenty years; and, with the myriad different mating situations that exist, I should not relish the job myself).

Well, then, the machine could search for ways of winning material. Again, the vast majority of positions offer no such opportunity—and to grab material might be the quickest way to lose.

You could feed in positional factors? I could list a hundred different types of positional factors straight off, from open files to over-burdened pieces, from queen's side majority to "bad" bishop, from passed pawn to zugzwang—and a world champion could cogitate a week on what is the most important in any given position.

World champions do cogitate for weeks—for life! They decide on a certain move as best, and years later somebody comes along with a better.

I write with my chess library around me. By now it must be nearing some 4000 books. I'll wager that in the world championship match now in progress, better moves will be found in the openings—the first twenty moves of each game—than anything in any of those books; in fact, better than any chess player anywhere has ever thought of before.

Who is going to put the moves into the machine? That's the thousand-dollar question!

Now Alexander got a "first" in science, like me (and, poor fellow, about as long ago). He must know all this perfectly well. Did he write that in jest?

If so, I wish he had added "(Leg-pull)" or "(Written tongue in cheek)," for most of his readers will have taken him perfectly seriously.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM A BLIND INDIAN'S LIFE TO TWO AFRICAN YEAR BOOKS.

ONE of the more dangerous advantages of having eyes is that one can avert them. I have noticed before that there is something concentrated and direct about the attitude to life of the blind, and that their mental vision is often one of disconcerting clarity. This is one explanation, at least, why "Face to Face" (Collins; 16s.), by Ved Mehta, is so strangely disturbing and powerful a book. Mr. Mehta is an Indian, born into a family of well-to-do middle-class background—his father is a doctor, and somewhat anglicised in outlook—who went blind after an attack of meningitis at the age of three. "It was good," he writes, "that I lost my sight when I did, because having no memories of seeing, there was nothing to look back to, nothing to miss."

But from the beginning of his autobiography we feel the special tragedy which blindness constitutes for an Indian, whose country lacks most of the Western facilities for preventing or curing eye diseases, or for training the blind in useful employments. There are, it seems, 2,000,000 blind in India. Some of them learn how to cane chairs; the others beg. That is not to denigrate the work being done by such institutions as Dr. Halder's School for the Blind in Bombay, which Mr. Mehta attended from the age of five. There is a tranquil dignity about his description of his family life which is exceptionally pleasing. He relates in some detail the ceremonies attending his sister's wedding. Then comes the tragedy of the Lahore massacres which followed the partition of India in 1947. His family escaped, but the whole experience, especially the murder of a young friend of his who had been a member of a Hindu political organisation, left a deep impression on him. After trying in vain to obtain admission to many schools for the blind both in Britain and in the United States, Mr. Mehta was at last accepted by the Arkansas School at Little Rock. The second part of this book relates his experiences in America, the friendships he made, his progress in his studies—he was outstandingly brilliant—and more tragedies, such as the suicide of a Japanese-born fellow-student. At the end, he is faced with a dilemma. The Indian Government does not, apparently, offer posts in either the Civil or Diplomatic Service to blind persons. "All these handicaps," he writes, "are negligible when placed against the tremendous obstacle of correcting the attitude which looks upon blindness as a punishment inflicted by the gods for a sin committed in the previous incarnation. In a country where many people hold that blindness is a curse, all the accomplishments, all the signs of a successful adjustment to a seeing society would count for little. . . . Can I rely ultimately on my love and devotion for India to sustain me there in such an atmosphere until a signal change can be brought about, which, heaven knows, might not come in my lifetime at all?" Personally, I have little doubt that spiritual and intellectual courage of this high order will themselves be the factor through which such a miracle may be worked.

India has her historical monuments as well as her problems of modern development, and Mr. Sidney Toy's "The Strongholds of India" (Heinemann; 30s.) is well worth recommending. The country is rich in mediaeval fortresses, many of them centuries earlier than the period of the Moghul Emperors, who themselves built such famous palaces as Fatehpur Sikri. It is surprising to find how closely these structures resemble the castles of the West—at least to the non-expert eye—although Mr. Toy is careful to point out their many dissimilarities. At least the knights of Western Europe did not have elephants to contend with. I suppose that the spikes attached to the main doors of some Indian forts were effective in repelling elephants, but they do not look impressive. (Did anyone think of letting loose an army of mice against the attacking pachyderms?) This is an interesting and well-illustrated book, the fruit of much patient, scholarly research.

Bent, as I seem to be, on keeping away from the shores of Britain this week, I will end with a couple of year books and guides, one dealing with "East Africa" (8s. 6d.), and the other with "Southern Africa" (10s. 6d.), both published for the Union-Castle Line by Robert Hale Ltd. Both also contain, in a pocket, a folding map. (The map for Southern Africa, a "planning map" provided by Shell, shows main roads and international boundaries, together with distances, so that tourists can plan their journeys.) If, however, they will plunge deeper into these informative little volumes, they will find that Union-Castle have very largely saved them the trouble, by including a number of routes, with full details of accommodation, special sights to be visited, etc. Being of a somewhat perverse nature, I wondered how the compilers would have coped with the less attractive aspects of these countries, such as poisonous snakes, tsetse flies and *apartheid*. I found, as I had expected, that all these were handled with impeccable taste. "It is intended," they tell me, "that as the non-Europeans develop their own residential areas, they will themselves staff their offices, schools, police forces, hospitals, etc., with opportunities of advancement not hitherto open to them."—E. D. O'BRIEN.



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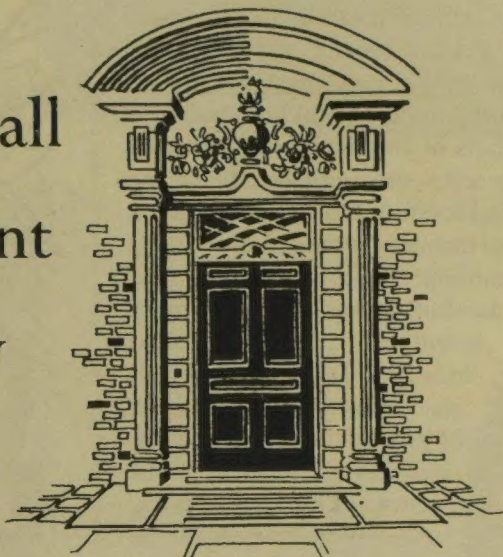
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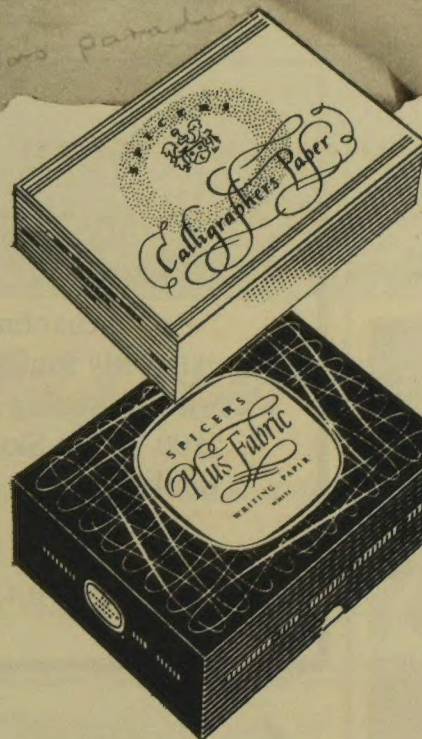
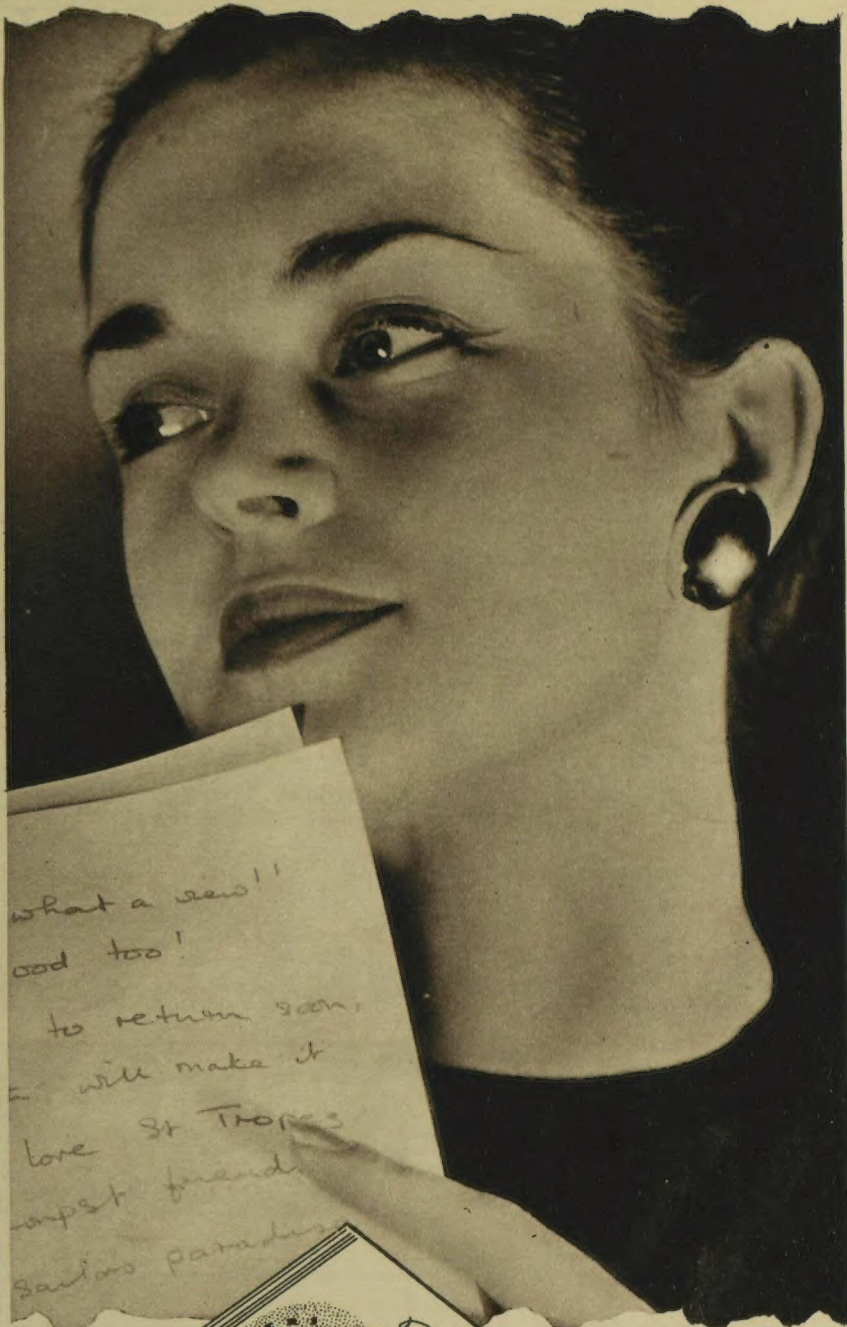
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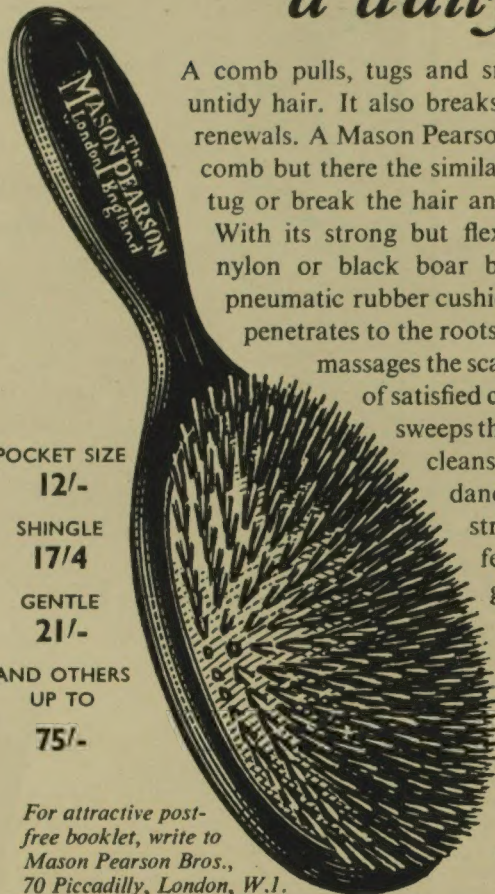
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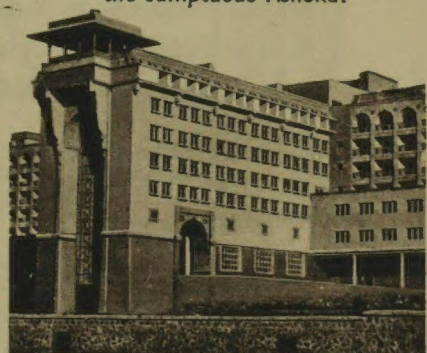
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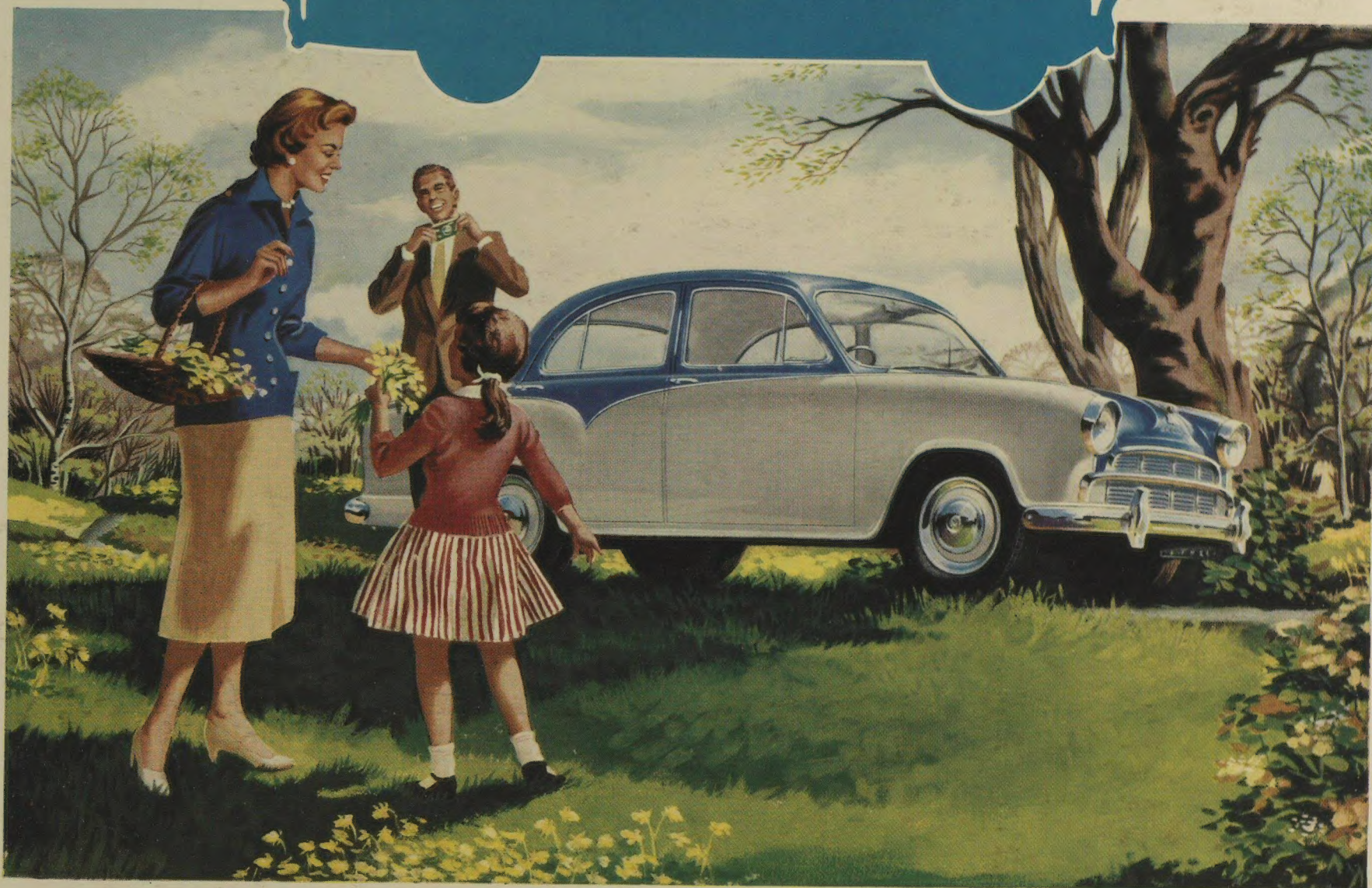
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